

THE APPRENTICESHIP
OF
WASHINGTON
GEORGE HODGES



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AND
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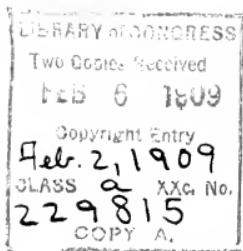
THE APPRENTICESHIP OF WASHINGTON

AND OTHER SKETCHES OF SIGNIFICANT COLONIAL PERSONAGES

BY
GEORGE HODGES



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**THE APPRENTICESHIP OF
WASHINGTON**

I

THE APPRENTICESHIP OF WASHINGTON

THE Continental Congress which sat in Philadelphia in the late spring and early summer of 1775 had among its able members one who was distinguished from the others by the infrequency of his speeches and by the color of his coat. He sat for the most part in attentive silence, well satisfied with the arguments of his neighbors, content to forward the purposes of the convention by serving diligently on the committee which was charged with the arrangements for the raising of an army. But he wore his uniform. He appeared not in the attire of a legislator or of a man of peace, but in the garments of war, in the colonel's coat which he had worn in military service. This dress was of itself

a speech. Buff is defined in the "Century Dictionary" as "a yellow color deficient in luminosity." The buff of that particular uniform, however, was by no means deficient in luminosity. It shone with meaning, as the blue sky shines in the sun. Everybody who saw it knew that its wearer was convinced that war was inevitable. When John Adams made his notable speech in which he put that conviction into words, and declared that the time had come to choose a commander over the colonial forces, he pointed to the man in buff and blue. There, he said, is the general for us.

At that moment a career began with which we are all measurably familiar. Washington the general, we know; Washington the president, we know; with Washington the colonel, however, we are not so well acquainted. I propose, accordingly, to recount some of the exploits of Colonel Washington. This I do partly because this period of his life is not so well

established in the memory of most of us; and partly because of the interest and value which naturally inhere in the beginnings of things, and specially in the beginnings of noble lives. For biography appeals to our ambition. We read the life of a great man not only for the pleasure which we get from his society but for the sake of learning, if possible, how to become great. What was there in him and about him which thus exalted him above his fellows? How did he go to work to attain the high purposes of his life? Through what sort of training did he pass into his might and his fame? While we are still at such an age that the major part of our life seems to be before us rather than behind us, we secretly hope that we may somehow share in the spirit of the great. We may not venture to solicit the mantle of Elijah, but we think it quite within the possibilities that at least the shadow of Peter passing by may helpfully overshadow us.

My subject, accordingly, is the “Apprenticeship of Washington,” and my purpose is to consider some of the experiences which served to fit him to respond to the call of the Continental Congress, to lead our armies, and finally to establish us as a people upon enduring foundations.

It is plain that young Washington lived a large part of his life under the open sky. He was born and brought up in the country. There is nothing impossible in the tradition of the cherry tree or in the tradition of the breaking of the colt. The improbable element in these stories is the extraordinary conversation which accompanies them. The talk which goes on between the lad and the father is as far removed from reality as the conferences between Adam and Eve which are reported by John Milton. Adam, as M. Taine observes, is a graduate of the University of Oxford, and has a seat in the Long Parliament. And Mr. Lodge makes a similar remark concerning the Washington of Par-

son Weems's stories. This young person, he says, is a near relative of Sanford and Merton and of Harry and Lucy. He is one of Miss Maria Edgeworth's and Miss Hannah More's good boys. The truth is that Parson Weems, knowing nothing about Washington's boyhood, but knowing well that the purchasers of his book would wish to be informed regarding that period of his career, told these pleasant tales to show that the great man began to exhibit remarkable qualities at a tender age. Unfortunately, at the moment of writing, the ideal of a perfect child was that which was set forth by the maiden ladies to whom I have referred. The proper child of that day was a good deal of a prig. Washington, so far as the historians can discover, had nothing of the prig about him. I do not applaud him for lying or for swearing; but there is a certain wholesome satisfaction to be derived from the fact that he did occasionally tell a lie, when it seemed to serve his purpose; especially in his early

years, when he dealt with Indians. I suppose it was considered necessary to lie to Indians. He also was able, when the situation appeared to demand unusual emphasis, to use quite vigorous language. He was a very human person, with a hot and hasty temper.

It is to be noticed, however, even in these apocryphal stories, that the scene is laid out of doors, and that the prig, their hero, has either a hatchet or a halter in his hand; never a book. It does not anywhere appear that the young Washington took kindly to books, or that he was ever at any period of his life given to reading. It is true that in 1748 he noted in his diary that he "read to the reign of King John" and "in the *Spectator* read to 143," but these are isolated items. It is doubtful if he ever got in the *Spectator* to 144, or in the history to the reign of the third Henry. He was certainly well acquainted with the reign of the third George, which is more to the purpose. No, the items which he

records with far more frequency and with much more interest are such as these: "Went a hunting with Jack Custis and catched a fox after three hours' chase; found it in the creek." "February 12th, catched two foxes." "February 13th, catched two more foxes."

Books entered of necessity into the day's work of the boy. Hobby, the sexton of the parish church, taught him his letters, and guided the first uncertain motions of the handwriting which was afterwards so strong and dignified. Williams, the schoolmaster of Bridge's Creek, gave the remainder of his formal education. That was all that the schools did for him. The most that he got, beyond the essential rudiments, was some sort of idea of the world in which he lived, and a good knowledge of applied mathematics. The fact that he spelled well shows that he attended to his lessons. His mother was a particularly bad speller, even in a day when private judgment and academic authority were

still contending at the point of everybody's pen.

Whatever culture he had in his early years came from the high-minded and courteous society of the neighborhood. Thackeray said that colonial Virginia was the most aristocratic country in the world. The remark was made in a novel but it had a good foundation in fact. The land was sparsely settled, being for the most part divided into great estates. Each of these estates had its manor house, with many large rooms, built for generous hospitality, flanked by the slaves' quarters, and standing in the midst of gardens and fertile fields. One still catches a glimpse of such noble mansions in a journey down the James River. Washington's own house at Mount Vernon is the most familiar example. These places were inhabited by men and women of excellent English stock, who maintained the pleasant and honest English traditions. They managed their households and their herds, entertained continu-

ally, were forever riding back and forth on horses along the wood roads making visits, going to dancing parties, and to church on Sundays. The young men were fond of hunting and competed one with another in rough sports. They were also fond of the young women, following the good fashion of the race. It is recorded of Washington that although he was for the most part a pretty steady boy, he once "surprised his schoolmates by romping with one of the largest girls." Indeed, it is remembered of him that he had a habit of falling in love, and he is known to have entertained tender thoughts of several large girls before he met the widow Custis. This too contributed much to his education.

On the whole, however, the distinctive feature of all this life, as I said at the beginning, was that it was lived under the open sky. The society of the neighborhood was indeed aristocratic, but it was an aristocracy mitigated by manual labor. Most of the great people were land poor. All of

them worked with their hands, the women in the kitchen and the men in the barn. A lad who grew to manhood under these conditions knew how to do things. He was a competent person, who could ride a horse, and milk a cow, and break a colt, and mend a roof, and make a bridge. Washington lived out of doors all his life. He was on horseback nearly every day. The equestrian statues represent him characteristically. He was engaged in overseeing things, first his estates, then his soldiers, then the nation. He had the clearness of sight which comes from dealing in a large way with nature. His nerves were seasoned in the sun. He had an executive habit.

The lad's first ambition was to go to sea. He knew nothing about the sea, and it had therefore a strong attraction for him. He wanted to get on board a tobacco ship, and go out in search of his fortune. Happily, his young energies were set to work in the business of surveying. This direction he

owed in great part to a valuable friend and kinsman, Thomas, Lord Fairfax. Lord Fairfax was then sixty years of age, an Oxford scholar and man of the world, who had turned his back upon a society which had disappointed him, and had come over here to look after his great possessions. It was probably Fairfax who had set young Washington to reading the *Spectator*, to which he himself is said to have contributed a number. The old man took the boy into his heart. They used to ride and hunt and talk together. Now he suggested that he should go out into the forest, and survey the Fairfax lands, beyond the Blue Ridge.

Washington was by this time of the age of sixteen years. I copy Mr. Lodge's account of his appearance. "He was tall and muscular, approaching the stature of more than six feet which he afterwards attained. He was not yet filled out to manly proportions, but was rather spare, after the fashion of youth. He had a well-

shaped, active figure, symmetrical, except for the unusual length of his arms, indicating uncommon strength. His light brown hair was drawn back from his broad forehead, and grayish-blue eyes looked happily, and perhaps soberly, on the pleasant Virginia world about him. The face was open and manly, with a square, massive jaw, and a general expression of calmness and strength. Fair and florid, big and strong, he was, taking him for all in all, as fine a specimen of his race as could be found in the English colonies.”

Thus he set out upon the first day’s task of his young manhood. It was in the month of March, and there was much rain, swelling the streams, over which there were no bridges. The boy and his companion slept in settlers’ huts, or under the trees. Sometimes they went hungry; sometimes, as the surveyor says in his journal, they had a good dinner, “wine and rum punch in plenty, and a good feather bed with clean sheets.” Once they met thirty Indians

coming from war. “ We had some liquor with us,” he says, “ of which we gave them part. It elevated their spirits, put them in the humor of dancing, of whom we had a war dance,” which he describes. The journal shows that he looked about him attentively. A man who lives in the woods must keep his eyes open. But Washington saw other sights than trees and animals, and knew how to set down what he saw briefly and clearly. This appears more noticeably in the journal which he kept when he went shortly after this to the Barbadoes with his brother Lawrence. He has an eye for the pursuits and pleasures of the people, for the crops and the condition of the markets, for the administration of the government. One characteristic of his account of his surveying is the small importance which he attaches to the hardships of the journey. This is the proper result of the sturdy training of a lad bred in a new country, “ expecting accidents,” like Sancho Panza. On his visit to the Barbadoes he caught the

smallpox, an experience to which he gives some two lines of his journal.

Washington spent but a month in this particular survey, but he was busy for three years as public surveyor, surveying lines which stand true to this day. Meanwhile, this frontier life was making him ready for his next notable undertaking. News kept coming from the settlements beyond the mountains that the French were trespassing on English land. This, indeed, was a part of a concerted plan. The English had built their colonies along the coast, the French had made theirs on the banks of the rivers. It would seem at first as if there was enough room in the great unsettled continent for both these companies of colonists. This, however, was a view at variance with the theories upon which land titles at that time proceeded. The English theory was that the possession of land along the sea entitled the owner to all the country which lay westward back of his farm to the Pacific Ocean. The French, on

the other hand, maintained that the discovery of a river entitled the discoverer to all the regions drained by that river and by its remotest tributaries. Under this theory, the French held the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, and they claimed everything which lay between the Alleghenies in the east and the Rockies in the west. The point where these claims, English and French, came first into actual conflict was at the headwaters of the Ohio.

News came that the French were settling in those parts, and were asserting their rightful possession of them. It was necessary to send out somebody to learn what the situation was. The Governor of Virginia chose Washington. The mission involved a journey of five or six hundred miles through wild woods, in peril of hostile Frenchmen and possibly hostile savages for the delivery of a message which might lead very speedily to a declaration of war. Washington was now of the age of twenty-one years. Out he set, then, upon

this expedition, having with him his old fencing-master to act as interpreter in his dealings with the French, and an experienced and daring trader, Christopher Gist, to be their guide. They found the Indians wavering between friendship with the French and friendship with the English, but rather inclined at that moment to side with the English. The French, they suspected, were intending to take away their lands. Washington went to the remotest limits of diplomatic circumlocution to prevent the Indians from entertaining a like suspicion of the English, and on the whole, with some assistance from the contents of various persuasive black bottles, he was successful.

With the French the same arrangements availed at least to disclose the thoughts of their hearts. “The wine, as they dosed themselves pretty plentiful with it, soon banished the restraint which at first appeared in their conversation. . . . They told me that it was their absolute design to

take possession of the Ohio." During this exercise of diplomacy by intoxication, Washington sat by, very sober and very attentive. He looked about him with the eye of a frontiersman and with the instinct of a soldier. He noted the point of land where the Allegheny and the Monongahela meet, now the site of Pittsburgh, and remarked its strategic importance. While the French commandant was writing his polite statement of the claims of his nation, Washington was making a sketch of the fort, and learning how many men and guns were there.

It was in December when the ambassadorial party came back through the long forests, and a hard time they had of it in the rain and snow. They found the rivers full of floating ice, and fell into the middle of one of them, spending the night on an island in their frozen clothes. But they made their way at last to Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia. Here Washington delivered his message. Here he printed both

the reply of the French commander and his own journal of the expedition. This document presently arrived in England, where it was much read and commented upon.

It was evident to discerning minds in England as well as in the colonies that the time was approaching when another campaign must be undertaken in that long war which under various names had been fought since first the barbarians assailed the walls of Rome. The Teuton and the Latin, even in those early days, represented radically different ideas. The Latin stood for the centralization of power, the Teuton for its distribution. The Latin political idea was that one man constituted the state: the king was the rightful possessor of all land and the rightful master of all people. The Teuton political idea was that in the state every man counted one: power was delegated by the people to rulers who were their representatives. These ideas pervaded and determined all

life. They made the north of Europe different from the south of Europe not only politically but ecclesiastically and socially. The Teutonic principle is essentially democratic. It implies private judgment rather than authority. It works out naturally into a republican form of government and into Protestantism. It is significant that the Protestant reformation succeeded in the Teutonic nations and failed in the Latin nations. The wars which accompanied the ecclesiastical revolution were but another campaign in the long race struggle. The same is true, in a way, of the civil strife in England which resulted in the Commonwealth of Oliver Cromwell; the debate was as to the possession of power, whether it belonged to the king or to the people.

The fight between the French and the English for the possession of this continent was therefore a contest charged with the most serious and profound consequences. The political, the religious, and the social

life of our people depended upon the result. The French and Indian war was incomparably the most important contention which has taken place in the whole course of our history.

The war lasted about seventy-five years, beginning in 1689. This is the date which Mr. Fiske sets as the end of the primitive period and the beginning of the mediæval period of American history. The mediæval period ended and the modern period began exactly a century later, with the adoption of the Constitution in 1789. The French and Indian war fell into four campaigns. The first campaign was called King William's war; it was made notable by the valor and ability of the French commander Frontenac, and the French had the best of it. The second campaign was called Queen Anne's war; and the French had the worst of it. The third campaign was King George's war, during which the men of New England captured Louisburg. The fourth campaign was the Seven Years'

war; it involved most of the nations of Europe: England and Prussia fought against France, Austria, Russia, and Spain. At the end of this last campaign, the English had taken from the French every acre of their American possessions. The first shot in this decisive war was fired by Colonel Washington.

The declaration of French claims which Washington brought back from the Ohio called for an immediate answer, and the Governor of Virginia raised troops to carry it. He made Washington a colonel. He sent Captain Trent to fortify the strategic junction of the rivers to whose importance the young diplomat had called attention. In April, 1754, leaving a superior officer to follow with the main body of troops, Washington pushed forward with two companies to find presently that the French had fallen upon Trent's fort, turned out the garrison with hard words rather than with hard blows, and taken possession. Washington determined at

once to march his hundred and fifty men against them. Thus they arrived at Great Meadows, where natural banks of earth made the beginnings of an entrenchment which they named Fort Necessity. The clearing away of the bushes made it, as Washington remarked, “a charming place for encounter.” Then word came that a company of Frenchmen had left the fort at the point now called Fort Duquesne, and were coming in their direction. Washington, with his soldiers and some friendly Indians, marched to meet them, found them encamped in the early morning after a black night of rain, and promptly fired upon them with tragic effect. That was the shot which set all Europe blazing, and began a war which lasted seven years.

Washington, as I have remarked, was not given to talking much about himself, but upon this occasion he said some things which he afterwards repented. “I flatter myself,” he writes to his governor, “[that

I have] resolution enough to face what any man durst, as shall be proved when it comes to the test, which I believe we are on the borders of.” To which he added, “ I heard the bullets whistle and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound.” George the Second, to whom this sentence was repeated, said “ very sensibly,” that the young man “ would not say so if he had been used to hear many.” But he had not at that time been used to hear many, and he did say so. He thought it and said it. That is, this colonel of twenty-two had fighting blood in his veins. The old instinct asserted itself in him which has ever, in all races, sent men out with weapons in search of their neighbors. Strange as it may seem to us peaceful persons, to most of whom the nearest approach to war has been in the columns of the newspapers, some of whom cannot even fire a gun at a tree without shutting their eyes, this young man loved to fight. He delighted in the peril of his life. At this time he had no prudence, and

made no calculation of the difference in numbers between himself and the enemy. The thing seems not to have entered into his mind. He was eager to get into action and kill somebody.

News of this encounter came to Fort Duquesne, and Fort Necessity was presently besieged by a force greatly superior. Washington was for fighting them in the open, in the convenient clearing, but they preferred the local custom and fired from the shelter of the trees. And it rained very hard, till in the fort the men were ankle-deep in mud. Finally, Washington had to surrender, and marched back along the trail through the woods defeated. He left his hostages, one of them his old fencing-master, and the other a Scotchman named Stobo, who was taken to Quebec, and, one day, making his escape, showed General Wolfe a path which led up to the Plains of Abraham.

During this expedition Washington had complained bitterly about his pay. He

would prefer, he said, the glory of serving for nothing rather than the ignominy of serving for next to nothing. He did not complain of danger or of hardship, but seriously objected to whatever seemed to him to be unjust. Thus though he greatly desired a part in the impending war, he refused to take a position where as a colonial officer he would be outranked by any petty captain who belonged to the regular army. It was one of the common grievances. The matter was got over by an invitation from General Braddock to join his staff.

Braddock was the new Commander-in-Chief who had come from England to punish the insolence of the French. He was a good soldier, who had seen some service, but he was absolutely ignorant in all matters which pertained to the woods. His acquaintance with trees was wholly confined to tame trees. Braddock was, moreover, a very conservative person. He had learned how to fight under competent masters, and had read books upon the subject.

He knew by heart all the rubrics and canons of conventional and respectable war. He had pronounced convictions on the subject of uniforms, and on the true order of a martial procession. He was a military ritualist. This precise person now issued forth to fight Indians. Washington, on the natural ground of acquaintance with the country, offered him advice, but he declined it. He did not propose at his age to take instruction from a youth in buckskin regarding the art of war. That was the heart of the whole matter.

So they made their way along the hard roads and across the rivers, a good little army. They forded the Monongahela near the present site of the Carnegie steel works, purposing to march thence to the French fort. Everybody knows what happened. The French and Indians fought from behind the trees. Braddock had never in his life fought from behind a tree. He compelled his men to fight in platoons, as men were accustomed to fight in Europe.

The result was that seven hundred men and sixty-two out of their eighty-six officers were killed or wounded. Braddock himself fell, aware at last of his tragic blunder, saying, too late, "I will do better another time." Washington, who had two horses shot under him and four bullets through his coat, rallied the fugitives, read the prayer-book service over the dead general, and conducted the retreat.

Thereafter, the war was waged in other places, ending at Quebec. Washington had little to do with it. He had learned his lesson. He had observed that frontiersmen were able to meet regular soldiers and overcome them. He had served his apprenticeship. For a dozen peaceful years he managed his estates, looked after his slaves, administered local affairs as a member of the vestry, and colonial affairs as a member of the Virginia assembly. He rode up across the country to New York, and thence to Boston, where he attended a session of the Great and General Court, was

asked to dinner at all the great houses, and went to a dancing party every evening. It is not likely that it occurred to him that he might presently interrupt these gay festivities. Everybody was glad to meet the gallant and handsome young colonel. His cloak of white and scarlet brightened all the countryside as he rode along with his aides and his servants. It is pleasantly remembered of him that he was particular about his dress. In his orders to the haberdashers and other tradesfolk of London he showed an interest in being in the mode. He had a keen sense of the fitness of things, which afterwards made him the most dignified of our Presidents. No other of our chief magistrates has carried himself so like a king.

This did not prevent him from falling temporarily in love with Mary Philipse, as he passed through New York; nor did it interfere with his falling permanently in love with Martha Custis. He met her one day at dinner—which was then a midday meal

—spent the afternoon in her cheerful society, and stayed to tea. The next day in the morning he made his dinner-call, and before noon the young colonel and the young widow were happily engaged to be married. They do not look it in the sedate pictures, but that is how it happened. At the wedding “ the bride was attired in silk and satin, laces and brocade, with pearls on her neck and in her ears, while the bridegroom appeared in blue and silver trimmed with scarlet, and with gold buckles at his knees and on his shoes.” So they rode away after the ceremony, the bride in a coach and six, her husband riding beside her, mounted on a splendid horse and followed by all the gentlemen of the party. Here we take leave of him, on the porch of Mount Vernon. His next residence was Craigie House, in Cambridge.

Looking back now, over this period of apprenticeship, we perceive that Washington learned his most notable lessons under the tuition of defeat. Defeat imparts an

instruction and even an inspiration of its own, and is sometimes more significant and more effective than victory. Leonidas and his Spartans were defeated at Thermopylæ; Warren was defeated at Bunker Hill; that tall shaft marks a battleground from which our men were driven. The news of that encounter reached Washington on his way to Boston. "Did the militia fight?" he said. And when he learned that they stood their ground and fought well, "Then," he exclaimed, "the liberties of the country are safe." He had learned by his own experience that there is a difference between defeat and defeat.

Washington learned at Great Meadows that courage is not enough for the winning of a battle: the soldier must be properly equipped. He learned at Braddock's Field that even courage and equipment together are not enough; the soldier must understand the situation and adapt himself to it. Strong in the strength of these lessons, with the advantage of a sound body, a con-

fident spirit, and a clear conscience, he entered upon that stage of his career wherein he was revealed to all people for all time a great soldier, and a great citizen, and a great man.

**THE HANGING OF MARY
DYER**

II

THE HANGING OF MARY DYER¹

COTTON MATHER, in the “*Magna-lia*,” makes no mention of the name of Mistress Anne Hutchinson. He gives an account of her opinions, but omits her name out of regard for her relatives, among whom, he says, there are so many worthy and useful persons. He calls her an Erroneous Gentlewoman. He says that she had a haughty carriage, a busy spirit, and a voluble tongue; but he cannot deny that she had also a competent wit. This wit she exercised in the organization and maintenance of a Woman’s Club.

Mrs. Hutchinson was the first person in the country to perceive the importance of assembling the women of the neighborhood for mutual cultivation of mind and for the direction of public opinion. Mather says

¹ This Paper was the Founder’s Lecture at Bryn Mawr College, 1908.

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that these meetings used to be called “Gossipings,” but the gossiping was of a very serious and improving sort. The sixty or eighty women who met every week at Mrs. Hutchinson’s house in School Street came to listen to her exposition of the sermon which Mr. John Cotton had preached on the previous Sunday. She would repeat the sermon, point by point, by way of refreshing the memory of her hearers; and “after the Repetition,” says Mather, “she would make her Explicatory and Applicatory Declamations.” These Explicatory and Applicatory Declamations soon brought Mrs. Hutchinson and her club under the censure of the church. For the interpreter allowed herself a large liberty of difference. Sometimes she agreed with the preacher, but sometimes she found him in error. Of Mr. Cotton she approved; but when Mr. Wilson, his colleague, preached, she did not hesitate to show the women of the congregation the weak places in his sermon, nor to subject his theology to her

lively criticism. She divided both the clergy and the laity of the colony into two classes—conventional Christians, who were living under a Covenant of Works, to the peril of their souls, and genuine Christians, who were living under a Covenant of Grace. And she finally told the club that of all the ministers of the neighborhood only two—Mr. Cotton and Mr. Wheelwright, her brother-in-law—were under the Covenant of Grace.

Mrs. Hutchinson's “Scandalous, Dangerous, and Enchanting Extravagancies,” to quote again from the “*Magnalia*,” went straight in the face of the Puritan theory of government. The men of Massachusetts Bay had in mind the constitution of the Jewish people after their return from exile, when they were ruled not by princes but by priests. They had established, accordingly, an administration of God, in the form of a state wherein the franchise was restricted to the members of the church and among whose officers the ministers had

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high places. They endeavored, in consistence with this ideal, to surround the person of the minister with all respect and reverence. He was to be heard with profound attention; his voice was to be obediently heeded, as a voice from heaven. The stability of both church and state was felt to rest upon the devout submission of the people to the mind of the clergy. That, at least, was the opinion of the clergy. And here, of a sudden, was Mrs. Hutchinson, with her competent wit and her enchanting extravagancies, differing from the preacher, and saying so with all freedom and force of language to more than sixty women every week. It was not only an heretical and schismatical position, but was fairly revolutionary. It undermined the universal foundations. Indeed, it came out clearly as a very practical peril when the Pequot war arose, and the men of Boston were called to aid in fighting the Indians, and many of them were perplexed in conscience, and doubtful whether to go or stay,

because Mrs. Hutchinson said that their chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Wilson, was under a Covenant of Works.

Finally, a council was held at Cambridge to decide what to do with Mrs. Hutchinson, and she was formally condemned and excommunicated, and the first woman's club in this country was ignominiously dissolved and forbidden to meet again. Mrs. Hutchinson and her friends were found to be guilty of "eighty-five erroneous opinions and nine unwholesome expressions." The statistics show the thoroughness with which the examination of Mrs. Hutchinson's theology was conducted. Pope Pius X, looking over the whole field of modern thought, notices only sixty-five erroneous opinions!

The Cambridge meeting-house was crowded on that March day in 1638. All the authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, had each his separate word of malediction. Anne Hutchinson sat silent. Dudley, the Deputy Governor, remarked that though

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she had repented in writing, there was no repentance in her face; probably not. Finally, John Wilson pronounced the sentence: “Therefore, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and in the name of the church, I do not only pronounce you worthy to be cast out, but I do cast you out; and in the name of Christ, I do deliver you up to Satan, that you may learn no more to blaspheme, to seduce and to lie; and I do account you from this time forth to be a Heathen and Publican, and so to be held of all the Brethren and Sisters of this congregation and of others; therefore I command you in the name of Jesus Christ and of this church as a Leper to withdraw yourself out of this congregation.” The formula was not so long nor so anatomically explicit as the major excommunication, but it was quite as effective.

As Anne Hutchinson, in obedience to the terms of this imprecation, made her solitary way out of the meeting-house, one woman rose up and took her hand and

walked out with her. This woman was Mary Dyer.

It is probable that Mary Dyer would have done as much as that for any persecuted woman, out of the kindness of her heart and because of her instinctive sympathy with the unpopular and the oppressed. But she was Mrs. Hutchinson's particular friend and disciple. Her distress on Mrs. Hutchinson's account had already brought upon her a domestic grief which, in that coarse age, had subjected her to the jeers of her neighbors. The two had suffered together, and together they had found strength, and solace in sorrow, in the doctrine of the Inward Light.

The doctrine of the Inward Light has been believed among Christians since the day when the apostles said, "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us." That bold sentence is the classic expression of it. The apostles and brethren thereby affirmed a direct communication between God and themselves, and a sense of duty derived

from that divine disclosure. They declared, therefore, that though they knew very well what the Church said and what the Bible said, they proposed to do otherwise. The question under debate was the obligation of the law of Moses. There was no doubt about the law; there it was, plain as the blue sky. But they decided not to enforce it. They resolved unanimously that a man might be a good Christian without the ceremonies or the sacraments which were enjoined in the Bible and universal in the Church. It was the most radical action ever taken by any body of reasonable Christians. The Lutheran omission of the bishops, and the Quaker omission of the sacraments, were conservative in comparison with it. This action, thus contradicting all authority, was taken in obedience to the Inward Light.

The assurance of the Inward Light has always been the reinforcement of the individual against the dominance of the institution. The institution looms up high as the

hills and wide as the horizon, demanding the submission and abasement of the individual; you must do as we say, and believe as we teach. But the individual rises in protest and revolt. In the days of the Early Church he is a Montanist, saying, “ We lay folk are priests as well as you.” In the Middle Ages he is a mystic, going straight to God without the mediation of rites or persons. In later times, he is a Quaker, keeping devout silence that he may hear God speaking in his soul.

The followers of the Inward Light have always been obnoxious to the established order. Men in authority have plainly perceived that these are of a non-conforming spirit, holding the law of their own souls above all laws made by courts ecclesiastical or civil, and defying the oppression of uniformity. The Franciscan friar, who both in public and in private abused the very name of St. Catherine, and scorned her “ with so orgulous a mind,” and the other Franciscan who, while his brethren were in

the choir of San Domenico after dinner, catching sight of St. Catherine in the church in an ecstasy, being in a trance as she prayed, “came down and pricked her in many places with a needle,” thus revealed by word and deed the instinctive irritation and enmity of the conservative mind against the person who claims to talk with God. Wilson and Dudley and Winthrop and Shepard felt the same way. When Mrs. Hutchinson affirmed that “her Faith was not produced and scarce ever strengthened by the public Ministry of the Word, but by her own private Meditations and Revelations,” every public Minister of the Word felt himself personally affronted. And when she compared herself to Daniel, and likened the magistrates to the presidents and princes who cast Daniel into the den of lions, the magistrates were of the same mind with the ministers. And both agreed with him who said, as touching Mrs. Hutchinson, that “one would hardly have guessed her to be an Antitype of Daniel,

but rather of the lions, after they were let loose."

But to Mrs. Hutchinson and Mrs. Dyer the religion of the magistrates and ministers was cold and hard and formal. They found God by a way more direct and immediate, entering into the consciousness of His presence in the sanctuary of their own souls. And what they heard from Him in such blessed intimacy, that they spoke and followed.

Mary Dyer came to this country with her husband in 1635. They had lived in London, where William Dyer had been a milliner in the New Exchange. Mrs. Dyer is described by a Dutch writer, Gerald Croese, as "a person of no mean extract and parentage, of an estate pretty plentiful, of a comely stature and countenance, of a piercing knowledge in many things, of a wonderful sweet and pleasant discourse, so fit for great affairs that she wanted nothing that was manly, except only the name and the sex." George

Bishop, whose book, "New England Judged," was written the next year after her death, depicts her as "a comely grave Woman, and of a goodly Personage, and one of good Report, having a Husband of an Estate, fearing the Lord, and a Mother of Children." Even Governor Winthrop admits that she was "a very proper and fair woman," though he adds that she was "notoriously infected with Mrs. Hutchinson's errors, and very censorious and troublesome, she being of a very proud spirit, and much addicted to revelations." The fact, which appears in such writing of hers as remains, that she was better educated than was then the custom of women, may have increased the suspicion and dislike with which she was regarded by the Governor. For it was Winthrop who said of poor Ann Hopkins, "a godly young woman, and of special parts," who was reported to have lost her wits "by occasion of her giving herself wholly to reading and writing," that "if she had attended her

household affairs, and not gone out of her way and calling to meddle in such things as are proper for men, whose minds are stronger, etc., she had kept her wits, and might have improved them usefully and honorably in the place God had set her."

William and Mary were at once admitted to membership in the Boston church, of which John Wilson was the pastor and John Cotton the teacher. The next year Mrs. Hutchinson began her meetings, having the Dyers among her intimate friends and followers. When Mr. Wheelwright was condemned, preparatory to the excommunication of Mrs. Hutchinson, William Dyer was one of the signers of a protest which maintained that by his condemnation the church in Boston had condemned the truth of Christ. He was therefore disfranchised and disarmed. Presently, when the Hutchinsons went into exile, the Dyers went with them. They were among the eighteen founders of Portsmouth, Rhode Island, in 1638, and among the eight founders of

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Newport in 1639. William Dyer was shortly made secretary of Portsmouth and Newport, and thereafter held various responsible and honorable offices, becoming attorney general of the colony in 1649. Two years after he went to England on public business. Thither his wife had preceded him. He returned, but she remained for five years. During that time she became a Quaker.

The Quakers were related to the Puritans as the Abolitionists were related to the friends of freedom before the Civil War. They were extreme persons who were determined to carry the principles of Protestantism to their logical conclusions. The Puritans complained that the Church of England had stopped halfway in the work of reformation; but the Quakers made the same complaint of the Puritans. Thereupon the Puritans answered the Quakers in the same terms in which they themselves had been answered by the Churchmen,—in terms of expulsion and

prohibition, enforced by fine and imprisonment. The fact is of interest as interpreting the contention in which Charles and Laud had played a part so reprobated by the Puritan historians. When we find the same part played again upon a smaller stage by Endicott and Wilson, we perceive that it was no particular fault of either Churchman or Puritan, but belonged to the time and represented the common mind of men. It was the habit of that age to think of religion under conditions of uniformity, as we think of the world to-day under conditions of gravitation or evolution. The notion that the Puritans came over here to establish freedom to worship God, in the sense in which that phrase is understood by us at present, is without foundation in fact. They came to escape a uniformity which they disliked, in order to set up another uniformity of their own construction. They had no intention of establishing in Massachusetts a free church in a free state, which should carry with it

a hospitable recognition of dissent. They detested dissent. They dealt with Roger Williams as the Church of England had dealt with John Cotton. When Governor Winthrop said to Mrs. Hutchinson, "We must restrain you from taking this course. We are your judges and not you ours. We must compel you to it," every exiled minister in the company heard an echo of his own trial. This consensus of ecclesiastical opinion is to be taken into account in our judgments of both the Puritans and the Churchmen of that time. It is to be remembered in our estimates of James and Charles on one side of the sea, and of Winthrop and Endicott on the other side. They were alike convinced of the essential importance of uniformity.

Against this uniformity, the Quakers opposed themselves. And against the dissenting and disturbing Quaker, the Puritans in England and New England lifted the hard hand of authority. It was while Mary Dyer was in the midst of her visit

to England that George Fox reckoned that there seldom were fewer than a thousand Quakers in the English jails. She knew that, when she became a Quaker. It was probably one of the arguments which attracted and convinced her.

The Quakers differed from other Puritans in their emphasis on simplicity and immediacy.

They proposed to return to the primitive simplicity of Christian behavior. They found themselves in a society which, from their point of view, was deplorably formalized and secularized. They determined to be absolutely honest with themselves and with their neighbors; and as a symbol of that honesty, they refused to address a single person with a plural pronoun. They disused the conventions of formal courtesy; they wore their hats in the presence of princes and magistrates. They disdained the passing modes of dress; when George Fox made him a stout suit of leather, he intended to wear it in

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defiance of all fashions to the end of his days. They disliked even such stated arrangements of services as the Puritans had retained, disused the sacraments, dismissed the ministers, and prayed not only in such words but at such times as the Spirit gave them utterance. All this was for the sake of simplicity, and it attracted people with the unfailing attraction of the simple life.

To this they added the doctrine of immediacy. Cotton Mather, in the “*Magnalia*,” is, of course, a prejudiced witness as to the teaching of the New England Quakers. He wrote in a day of sharp and discourteous controversy. “*Reader*,” he says, “*I can foretell what usage I shall find among the Quakers for this chapter of our Church History: for a Worthy Man that writes of them has observed, ‘For Pride and Hypocrosie and Hellish Revilings against the painful Ministers of Christ I know no people that can match them.’*” And he quotes from contemporary Quaker pam-

phlets a considerable list of the epithets which he may expect: such as, "Thou Fiery Fighter and Green-headed Trumpeter," "thou Mountebank priest," "thou Mole, thou Tinker, thou Lizzard, thou Bell of no Metal but the tone of a Kettle, thou Whirlpool, thou Whirligig, thou Wheelbarrow." These are not the conditions of weather in which to look for clear skies, and to see truth in the serene light of day. But when we find Mather, in reprobation, saying of the Quakers that "they made themselves to be Christ's as truly as ever was Jesus the Son of Mary," that "the whole History of the Gospel they beheld as Acted over again every day as Literally as it ever was in Palestine," and that "every Day is the Lord's Day," we perceive in his opponents the true spirit of the mystic. To them religion was a present reality. God was in all life, and their communication with Him was constant and intimate. They believed in Mrs. Hutchinson's distinction; they were a Covenant of Grace,

and outside lay the world in a Covenant of Works.

Out of this fatal formalism and remoteness from God they purposed to awaken the society about them. That was their mission. They were possessed, or obsessed, with the necessity of bearing their witness. They were essentially aggressive. They could not be silent. Herein they differed from some of their predecessors, the mystics, who were content to withdraw themselves from the world. They were Protestants of the Protestants, and protested daily. And this they did in ways which were very inconvenient to the community.

The eccentricities of the Quakers have been unduly multiplied and magnified by a natural process of exaggeration. A few of them behaved themselves in so dramatic a manner that the things which they did got into the general memory, and have never been forgotten. And these acts came to be regarded as characteristic of the

Quakers, the impression being that they happened every day. It was only one Quaker, however, on a single occasion, who walked about the streets having on his head a pan of fire and brimstone. Only one dressed herself in sackcloth and blackened her face and in that prophetic guise presented herself in the congregation at service time. Lydia Wardwell and Deborah Wilson behaved themselves in a manner even more disconcerting, but they had no imitators. Sarah Gibbons and Dorothy Waugh rose up in meeting and bore their emphatic witness to the emptiness of the sermon; they broke some empty bottles by banging them together; one would imagine from some writers that it was a part of the regular business of the sexton to sweep up broken glass from the floor of the meeting-house every Sunday morning; but this was a rare occurrence. The Quakers did interrupt a good many Puritan sermons with frank and unsympathetic comments; they did rise up a good many times, after

the sermon was over, and proceed to expound the text in their own way; they did gather crowds about them and preach to them in the streets; being altogether un instructed in theology, they did say things which were as erroneous as they were offensive; they gave criticism the long end of the handle. But these were exceptions to a general rule of modest and grave demeanor. The unpardonable sin of the Quakers was that they refused to agree with the Puritans, and they greatly aggravated the offence by trying to convert the Puritans to their own opinion. They were mightily in earnest about it, and the Puritans on their side were mightily in earnest also. That is the heart of the situation.

The first Quakers who came to Massachusetts arrived in July, 1656. That was the year in which George Fox said that a thousand Quakers lay in English jails. It was a month after a public day of humiliation appointed by the General Court of Massachusetts “ to seek the face of God

in behalf of our native country in reference to the abounding of errors, especially those of the Ranters and Quakers.” Under these strained conditions came Ann Austin and Mary Fisher, for the purpose of teaching Quaker doctrine, bringing with them a hundred Quaker books. To the Puritan mind at that time, this was an importation of the plague, and the authorities dealt with it accordingly. Governor Endicott was absent, in Salem, but Deputy Governor Bellingham encountered the invaders. He had the missionaries seized while yet they were on board the ship, searched their bags and boxes, and took possession of their books and of their persons. The books he caused to be burned by the common hangman in the market-place of Boston; the Quakers he shut up in jail. They were kept in close confinement, not suffered to speak nor to be spoken to, pen and ink and candle taken from them to prevent them from writing, and a board nailed across the window to keep anybody

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from as much as seeing them. After being examined for witch marks, they were put on board the next ship and sent to the Barbadoes. Endicott, when he came back, said that had he been there he would have had them whipped, but the authorities afterward took some credit to themselves for self-restraint and gentleness.

Hardly had Ann Austin and Mary Fisher got out of sight of land when there came eight missionaries more, four men and four women. They were immediately imprisoned, and after eleven weeks were sent to England in the same ship which had brought them.

It became plain to the authorities of church and state that they were to be beset with Quakers, and they proceeded to enact laws by which to defend the colony against this peril. “Whereas,” they said, “there is a cursed sect of heretics lately risen up in the world, which are commonly called Quakers, who take upon themselves to be immediately sent of God infallibly

assisted by the Spirit to speak and write blasphemous opinions, despising government and the order of God in church and commonwealth, speaking evil of dignities, reproaching and reviling magistrates and ministers, seeking to turn the people from the faith and gain proselytes to their pernicious ways, this court doth hereby order," thus and so: namely, that the captain of any vessel bringing Quakers shall be fined a hundred pounds; that every Quaker coming into this jurisdiction shall be forthwith committed to the house of correction, soundly whipped at entrance, and thereafter kept at hard labor during the term of his imprisonment, and with lesser penalties for possessing Quaker books and defending Quaker opinions.

The first Quakers to arrive after the passage of this law were Ann Burden and Mary Dyer. They seem, however, to have escaped its severer provisions, for they came on business of their own, and not as missionaries: Ann Burden to collect some

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debts remaining from her former residence, and Mary Dyer to rejoin her husband in Rhode Island.

The next arrivals felt the whip. Mary Clark had twenty stripes with a scourge of three cords. Christopher Holder, being moved of the Lord to go to Salem, and speaking a few words in meeting, after the sermon, was “haled back by the hair of the head, and his mouth violently stopped with a glove and a handkerchief thrust thereinto with much fury,” by one of the church members. He and his companion, John Copeland, were brought to Boston and given thirty stripes apiece. They were afterwards kept nine weeks in prison in the cold winter without a fire, and then banished. Samuel Shattuck, who pulled away the hand of the church member who was choking Christopher Holder, was brought to Boston and laid under bonds to have no communication with Quakers, and presently was whipped and banished. This was the Samuel Shattuck who afterwards,

in 1661, had the satisfaction of bringing from England the royal decree which for the moment opened all jail doors and stopped the persecution of the Quakers; as may be read in Whittier's verse, in "The King's Missive." Lawrence Southwick and Cassandra his wife, who had lodged the Quakers in Salem, aged persons and church members, were admonished and fined, and ceasing thereafter to attend the meetings of the congregation were whipped as a warning to others. Continuing obstinate in their refusal to go to church under these conditions, they were repeatedly fined till their property was gone; and then, for non-payment of church fines, their two children, a son and a daughter, were seized to be sold as slaves in Virginia or the Barbadoes; but happily no shipmaster could be found to take them.

A year after the passage of the first law against the Quakers, the General Court enacted a second, "as an addition to the late order in reference to the coming or bring-

ing in any of the cursed sect of Quakers into this jurisdiction.” It was now provided that anybody who should lodge a Quaker should be fined for such offence at the rate of forty shillings for every hour of such entertainment or concealment; also, that every Quaker man who after being once punished and banished should presume to return should have one of his ears cut off for the first offence, and for a second offence his other ear, and for a third offence should have his tongue bored through with a hot iron. Quaker women were to be punished with whipping instead of the loss of ears, but for a third offence they must suffer like the men.

In May, 1658, a third law ordained that every person “ professing any of their pernicious ways, by speaking, writing, or by meetings on the Lord’s Day, or at any other time, to strengthen themselves, or to seduce others to their diabolical doctrines ” shall for every such transgression be fined ten shillings.

A fourth law, dated October, 1658, affixed to the sentence of banishment the provision that a return after such expulsion should be punished with the pain of death. It was according to this law that Mary Dyer was hanged.

These four laws, issued within a space of two years, indicate the anxiety of the authorities. To them the Quakers were sheer anarchists, subversive of both government and religion. In deporting such persons when they appeared in the colony, in banishing such as adopted their opinions, and in fining and imprisoning such as sheltered them, the Puritans were clearly within their rights. This belonged to their province as magistrates. That some difficulties arose in their own consciences and in the minds of their constituents appears in the fact that the General Court thought it wise to issue a formal vindication of themselves. In this document they dealt particularly with the matter of banishment upon pain of death. They declared that

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the doctrine of the Quakers was destructive to the fundamental truths of religion. They showed that the behavior of the Quakers was in contradiction to that respect to magistrates which is commanded in the Bible. They cited the example of wise Solomon, who, having confined Shimei to the city of Jerusalem upon pain of death, promptly beheaded him when he came out of bounds. This colony, they said, is our house; anybody who breaks into it may properly be slain in self-defence. If in such violent and bold attempt the Quakers lose their lives, they may thank themselves as the blamable cause and authors of their own death. This colony, they added, is our family. “Who can make question but that a man that hath children and family ought to preserve them from the dangerous company of persons infected with contagious, noisome and mortal diseases? and if such persons shall offer to intrude into the man’s house amongst his children and servants, can

any doubt but that in such a case the father of the family, if otherwise he cannot keep them out, may kill them? " Thus they stated their case, calling for approval both from common prudence and from Holy Scripture. Indeed, they were but exercising one of the prerogatives of nations. They were keeping the Quakers out of the colony, as we endeavor to exclude undesirable citizens at our ports.

On the other hand, the Quakers in coming were following the clear guidance of the Inward Light. They were within their proper province as missionaries. They honestly believed that the Puritans were in the darkness of ignorance and sin, and they came to illuminate them. They felt, as the apostles had felt before them, that they must obey God rather than man. They entered Boston as Paul and Silas entered Philippi, and if their mission involved an imprisonment in the inner jail and a fastening of their feet in the stocks,

they accepted this, after the pattern of the apostles, as a part of the day's work. If in the delivery of the message which God had given them they must face death, that also they did gladly, even eagerly, for His sake in whose name they spoke. They deserve the commendation of the faithful missionary and the praise of the martyr. In the noble army of martyrs they stand to all time, William Robinson with St. Potinus, Mary Dyer with St. Perpetua; and in their company the three whose right ears were cut off, the forty or fifty who were whipped with knotted cords, and the unnumbered others who suffered the spoiling of their goods. "Margaret Brewster," says the clerk of the court, "you are to have your clothes stripped off to the middle, and to be tied to a cart's tail at the South Meeting-house, and to be drawn through the town and to receive twenty stripes upon your naked body." "The will of the Lord be done," says Margaret Brewster, "I am contented." And in that

grave, serene, and Christian manner, so spoke they all.

Thus an irresistible force encountered an immovable body. Thus two sacred and imperative rights came into collision.

Of course, the verdict of subsequent history has condemned the Puritans. It has found them guilty of two serious misunderstandings. They misunderstood human nature, and they misunderstood the Quakers.

They were in error as to human nature in thinking that the argument of violence is of avail against the convictions of conscience. For every man who tries to stop his neighbor's mouth with a glove and a handkerchief, there will be another man to pull away his arm; and whippings at carts' tails, and even hangings are great, appealing arguments. We are so made that the nobler spirits among us rise up instinctively at the sight of such suffering and ally themselves with the sufferers. Thus it has been since the day when Stephen

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was stoned and Saul became a Christian. The blood of the martyr is the seed of the church. The Quakers proved it. The effect of the Puritan method was to increase the Quakers, as the effect of the same method at the hands of Queen Mary was to increase the Protestants, and the effect of the same method at the hands of Archbishop Laud was to increase the Puritans. This we see clearly, with the wisdom which follows the event.

Also the Puritans were in error as to the Quakers and their conception of religion and of government. It seemed as if a storm of heresy and schism, with hailstones and coals of fire, were beating upon Protestant Christendom from all points of the compass at the same time. Every ship which sailed into Boston Bay brought the news of the birth of a new ism. The blessed liberty for which the reformers had contended had fallen into license. The most essential doctrines of religion, the most sacred institutions of society, were set at

naught. The colonists were not only anxious but nervous. And then the Quaker missionaries came. That the Puritans should have failed to understand them was inevitable. To-day the immediate association of the name of "Quaker" is with peace, and quietness, and serenity of soul. Nothing could have been further from the minds of the neighbors of Mary Fisher or of Mary Dyer.

Mary Dyer had now been living in Rhode Island for ten years. Under the large tolerance established by Roger Williams, that was a comfortable colony for Quakers. But the Quakers were not contented to be comfortable. In June, 1659, William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson were moved of the Lord to pay a visit to Boston, and Nicholas Davis and Patience Scott went with them. Patience was eleven years of age. She came of good, stout, non-conforming stock, her mother having been a sister of Anne Hutchinson. Mrs. Scott had already experienced the

rigors of the law. “A Mother of many Children, one that had lived with her Husband, of an unblameable Conversation, and a Grave, Sober and Ancient Woman, and of good Breeding,” she had come up to Boston upon the occasion of the cutting off of three right ears, and speaking her mind with some righteous freedom concerning that matter had been thrown into prison, and given ten stripes with a three-fold knotted whip, and promised that if she came again she should be hanged. This did not deter her from sending her little daughter on the perilous errand of bearing witness against a persecuting spirit. Davis came on business, seeking opportunity to barter corn with the heathen. Robinson had been a merchant in London; Stevenson had been a ploughman in Yorkshire. “I was at the plough,” says Stevenson, “in the East-parts of Yorkshire, in Old-England, and as I walked after the plough I was filled with the Love and Presence of the Living God, which did Ravish

my Heart when I felt it; and as I stood a little still, with my Heart and Mind stayed on the Lord, the Word of the Lord came unto me in a still, small Voice, which I did hear perfectly, saying to me in the Secret of my Heart and Conscience, ‘I have ordained thee a Prophet unto the Nations.’ ”

These four being immediately put in prison, Mary Dyer was moved of the Lord to visit them, and was seized and imprisoned with them. There they lay for three months until the 12th of September. On that day they were brought before the court. The child was dismissed; the others were given two days to get out of the commonwealth. Should they be found within the jurisdiction of the court after the lapse of forty-eight hours, they were to be put to death. Thereupon, Nicholas Davis and Mary Dyer departed, one to Plymouth and the other to Rhode Island; but Robinson and Stevenson were “constrained in the love and power of the Lord” not to depart

but to try the bloody laws unto the death.

Then, from the four winds, zealous Quakers started for Boston. First came Christopher Holder, and was at once thrust into prison. On the 8th of October, came Mary Dyer to visit him, and was imprisoned also. After them came Hope Clifton, and Mary Scott, and Robert Harper, and Daniel Gold, and Henry King, and Hannah Phelps, and Mary Trask, and Margaret Smith, and Provided Southwick. On the 13th, William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson returned, and with Mrs. Alice Cowland, “ who came to bring linen wherein to wrap the dead Bodies of those who were to Suffer.” The roll of linen in the arms of Alice Cowland evidenced the grim spirit in which the principals in this tragedy entered upon their parts. “ These all came together,” says the Quaker chronicle, “ in the Moving and Power of the Lord, as one, to look your Bloody Laws in the Face, and to accompany those who

should suffer by them." They were bent upon a perfectly definite purpose, to break the law into a thousand pieces by enduring its hideous penalty. They desired to show to all good people what manner of law it was, whereby the enormities of the reign of Bloody Mary were enacted by Puritan ministers and magistrates in Massachusetts.

This desire was promptly gratified. On the 19th of October, Robinson and Stevenson and Mary Dyer were had before the court and demanded why they came again, being banished upon pain of death. They replied that the ground and cause of this coming was of the Lord and in obedience to Him. The governor, manifestly reluctant to proceed, sent them back to prison. But the next day was a prayer day, with a sermon by John Wilson. He was the pastor whom Anne Hutchinson had instinctively detested; when she saw that he was to be the preacher of a Sunday morning, she had on several occasions risen up

at the announcement of the text and marched out of the meeting-house. He had assaulted Obadiah Holmes, the Baptist, in the court-room, striking him in the face, and cursing him in the name of Jesus. He had flung Quaker books into the hangman's fire, saying, "From the devil they came, to the devil they go." He had declared that the best way to convert the Quakers was to kill them, drawing his hand across his throat. It was the misfortune of the commonwealth that this man, coarse and hard and malignantly orthodox, was in a position of influence and authority. He preached an appropriate sermon. After the sermon and the service were ended, the governor sat again upon the judgment seat, and in a faint voice, as a man sick either in body or at heart, spoke to this effect: "We have made many laws, and endeavored by several ways to keep you from us, and neither whipping nor imprisonment, nor banishment upon pain of death, will keep you from among us. I desire not

your death." Nevertheless, he pronounced their sentence: "You shall be had back to the place from whence you came, and from thence to the place of execution, to be hanged on the gallows till you are dead." Robinson asked leave to read a statement, but was refused. Stevenson was permitted to make a brief speech. Mary Dyer said: "The will of the Lord be done." "Take her away, marshal," ordered the governor. "Yea," she answered, "joyfully shall I go."

During the week which intervened between the sentence and the execution so much excitement appeared among the people, and so many crowded about the prison windows, that a military guard was set against a possible rescue and release. On the day appointed, after prayers, with beat of drums and escort of soldiers, the three condemned persons were taken to the Common. So great was the crowd that, after the execution was over, the bridge which then connected Boston with the mainland

at the North End, broke with their weight. The Quakers would have addressed them, but as often as they tried to speak, the drums were beaten. Mr. Wilson derided them, shaking his fist in their faces, saying “Shall such folks as you come before authority with your hats on?” But the three were already uplifted in spirit above the contentions of the world. As they came on, hand in hand, Mary Dyer between the two men, she said, “It is an hour of the greatest joy I can enjoy in this world. No eye can see, no ear can hear, no tongue can speak, no heart can understand, the sweet incomes and refreshings of the spirit of the Lord which now I enjoy.” The gallows was a stout elm, traditionally the “Great Tree,” which, till 1876, stood beside the Frog Pond. The prisoner, having the noose about his neck, climbed by a ladder to a branch, and the ladder was pulled away. Thus died William Robinson, saying, “I suffer for Christ, in whom I lived and for whom I die.” Thus died Marma-

duke Stevenson, saying, “ Be it known to all this day that we suffer not as evil-doers, but for conscience sake.”

Mary Dyer sat at the foot of the tree, beholding the martyrdom of her friends. Then her arms were bound, her skirts were tied about her feet, her face was covered with Mr. Wilson’s handkerchief, and she was lifted to the ladder. And there standing, having suffered already the severest pangs of death, having died to the world, she was suddenly informed that she was reprieved. Her son in Rhode Island had petitioned for her release, and the petition had been granted. She was to be sent home. This fruitless agony of expectation had been privately ordered by the court for the sake of its impression on her mind.

For a moment Mary Dyer knew not what to say or do. “Waiting on the Lord to know His pleasure is so sudden a change, having given herself up to die.” But she had no choice. She was taken back to prison, whence she wrote a letter refusing

to accept her life. The next day, she was put on horseback and conveyed out of the commonwealth. She spent the winter on Shelter Island,

*“Where, ocean-walled and wiser than his age,
The lord of Shelter scorned the bigots’ rage.”*

There her name, with those of others who found like shelter on that island, is inscribed on a memorial stone erected by Professor Horsford. She avoided her family, not for lack of love, but that she might not be prevented by them from her firm determination. When the spring was green, she made her way secretly to Providence. In the middle of May, she presented herself with all boldness in Boston.

The law of banishment on pain of death was still in force. The martyrdom of Robinson and Stevenson had not availed for its repeal. The authorities had justified their course in a public statement, and the people had accepted the situation. The great work was still to be done. The hideousness

of the law was still to be demonstrated. Mary Dyer went to demonstrate it. She was under no illusion. She knew by awful experience that the court would keep its word. She had died once, and in the name of God and of the cause and truth for which she stood, she went to die again.

“Are you the same Mary Dyer,” asked the governor, “that was here before?”—“I am the same Mary Dyer that was here at the last General Court.”—“You will own yourself a Quaker, will you not?”—“I own myself to be reproachfully so called.”—“Sentence was passed upon you,” said the governor, “at the last General Court, and now likewise. You must return to the prison, and there remain till to-morrow at nine o’clock; then thence you must go to the gallows, and there be hanged till you are dead.”—“This is no more,” said Mary Dyer, “than what thou saidst before.”—“But now,” said the governor, “it is to be executed. Therefore, prepare yourself to-morrow at nine o’clock.”—“I

came," said she, "in obedience to the will of God at the last General Court, desiring you to repeal your unrighteous laws of banishment on pain of death; and that same is my work now, and earnest desire, although I told you that if you refuse to repeal them, the Lord would send others of His servants to witness against them."

"Away with her!" cried the governor.
"Away with her!"

Thus she had her will and offered herself,—our New England Iphigeneia,—a sacrifice for the common good. Even as she stood upon the ladder, they told her that she should be set free if she would go home and stay there. But she would accept no deliverance. "Nay," she said, "I cannot; for in obedience to the will of the Lord God I came, and in His will I abide faithful unto death." In the Friends' Records of Portsmouth, Rhode Island, they made this entry: "Mary Dyer, the wife of William Dyer of Newport in Rhode Island: She was put to death at the Town

of Boston with ye like cruel hand as the martyrs were in Queen Mary's time, and then buried upon ye 31 day of ye 3' mo. 1660."

The persecution of the Quakers in Massachusetts extended over a term of twenty-one years, beginning with the deportation of Ann Austin and Mary Fisher in 1656, and ending with the flogging of Margaret Brewster and others in 1677. In addition to the penalties of fine and imprisonment, it presented to the Christian community the spectacle of some fifty public whippings, many of the sufferers being women, in some instances the victims being dragged through the streets of towns at the tails of carts, the hangman beating them as they went. Three Quakers had their right ears cut off, four were hanged. The result was the abolition of the Puritan theocracy. Established in the enthusiasm of high ideals, maintained by men of conscience in the fear of God, excluding from the franchise of the commonwealth

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all who are not members of the church, it set its face toward a realization of the kingdom of heaven. But it broke the supreme divine law of brotherly love, and fell thereby into the iniquities of persecution. And it came to an end in consequence.

The death of Mary Dyer, with other contemporary cruelties, was brought to the attention of the King. While he was reading the report, the news arrived of the hanging of William Leddra. In came Edward Burrough, the Quaker, and said to the King, “There is a vein of innocent blood opened in thy dominions which if it be not stopped, will over-run all.” The King said, “I will stop that vein.” And he did. There were floggings after that, but no more hangings. Liberty of conscience and freedom of honest speech were no longer punishable in Massachusetts with banishment on pain of death. That was the supreme achievement of the martyrdom of Mary Dyer.

**THE ADVENTURES OF
CAPTAIN MYLES STANDISH**

III

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN MYLES STANDISH

THE baptismal register of Chorley Church, in Lancashire, contains a leaf which nobody can read. The entries which precede and which follow are plain enough: ink was good in the sixteenth century. But this blurred leaf presents so worn and dim an aspect that they have reason on their side who claim that fingers more hasty and tangible than those of the hand of time have touched it. It looks as if the records of 1584 and 1585 had been intentionally rubbed out. It is a common guess that one of the names thus unhappily erased was that of Myles Standish.

At all events the name is gone, and with it has disappeared the necessary proof to establish the claims of the Standishes of America to the pleasant possessions of the

Standishes of Standish. That such a claim has reasonable foundation appears in Myles Standish's will, in which "I give," he says, "unto my son and heir apparent, Alexander Standish, all my lands as heir apparent by lawful descent in Ormistick Bousconge, Wrightington, Maudsley, Newburrow, Cranston and in the Isle of Man, and given to mee as right heire by lawful descent, but surreptitiously detained from mee, my grandfather being a second or younger brother from the house of Standish of Standish."

The house of Standish was of good antiquity, and had possessed its Lancashire estates for centuries. The origin of the name is involved in the obscurity which is unfortunately common to origins. There is a rumor that in the uneffaced pages of the Chorley register is the ancient name of Milo Standanaught; Milo being plainly from the Latin for "soldier," and Standanaught meaning "Stand-at-nothing." And there are those who guess that from

these sturdy syllables came the name of the Puritan captain. On the other hand, the armorial bearings of the family are “an azure shield with three standishes argent”; and the word “standish,” thus used, is simply stand-dish. In the dictionaries this dish is used for pens and ink: Dean Swift speaks of his silver standish. But in the London *Times* report of Queen Victoria’s coronation mention is made of standishes upon the altar, meaning silver plates or patens. Thus they appear upon the family shield.

Standish, however derived, was the name. Thurston de Standish, who was living in 1222, is the eldest recognizable ancestor; his son was Ralph, and Ralph’s sons, living in 1306, were Hugh and Jordan. These two divided the estates between them, and their families became respectively the Standishes of Duxbury and the Standishes of Standish. The family houses of Standish and Duxbury are pictured in Johnson’s “Exploits of Myles Stan-

dish.” They are dignified, large, square buildings, surrounded by trees and extensive grounds. Standish Hall is reproduced from a photograph and may show the place as it is at present. The house is connected by a timbered corridor with a chapel which has a cross at the gable. Duxbury Hall is copied from a painting, without date; deer are grazing on the lawn, and a group of gentlemen on horseback are standing by the porch.

The two branches of the family chose different sides in the religious contention which presently disturbed the land. The Standishes of Duxbury accepted the Protestant Reformation; the Standishes of Standish continued in the unreformed religion.

The Catholic Standishes took a lively part in the disturbances of the time. Henry Standish, a Franciscan friar and bishop of St. Asaph, sided with Queen Katherine in the matter of the divorce. And when the contention between the reformed and

the unreformed religions was renewed late in the seventeenth century, in the time of James the Second, the Standishes of Standish were enthusiastic Jacobites. It was at Standish Hall that the “ Lancashire Plot ” was made for the King’s restoration.

This connection of the family with the Roman religion has since given rise to an interesting theory that Myles Standish was a Roman Catholic. It would be pleasant to have this theory confirmed. That Standish was not a member of the Plymouth church is commonly asserted. Dr. Jeremy Belknap, in his “ American Biography,” says in so many words, though without reference to authority, that he was “ not a member of their church ”; and he presently quotes from the manuscript of the Rev. William Hubbard’s “ History of New England,” “ He had been bred a soldier in the Low Countries, and had never entered into the school of Christ, or of John the Baptist.” This, indeed, may mean no more than that the writer did not approve

of the captain's martial activity; for he adds, "or, if ever he was there, he had forgot his first lessons, to offer violence to no man." Still, it is more likely that he intended to make apology for Standish on the ground that he was not a church member. That was twenty years after Standish's death. Hubbard was, therefore, a contemporary; and, though he lived at Ipswich, he would not be likely to be mistaken in regard to an ecclesiastical position so exceptional, at that time, as Standish's.

Accordingly, there appear two facts: first, that Standish's family was of the Roman Catholic faith; and, secondly, that Standish himself did not belong to the Puritan Church. Was he a Roman Catholic?

It is certain that Myles Standish fought in the Netherlands on the Protestant side in a war which was essentially a war of religion.

It is certain that he cast in his lot with

the Puritan emigrants, and was ever trusted and esteemed by them. They hated Papists. Bradford, in his “History of Plymouth Plantation,” shows how they felt even about the Church of England, how they detested “ye ceremonies, and servise books, and other popish and unchristian stuffe.”

It is certain that Myles Standish’s library, as appears in the inventory made at his death, was as Protestant as a lot of books can be. It was like the collection of an orthodox country parson,—Calvin’s Institutes, Preston’s Sermons, Burrough’s “Earthly-Mindedness and Christian Contentment,” Dod on the Lord’s Supper, a reply to Dr. Cotton on Baptisms, “Sparkes Against Heresie,” Ball on “Faith,” “Nature and Grace in Conflict,” together with “3 old Bibles,” not one of them in the Douay version. It is true that some of these excellent books may have been presented to him in Leyden by Pastor Robinson, or in Plymouth by Elder Brewster, for the im-

proving of his mind and the saving of his soul; but it is more likely that he bought them himself. That was what he liked to read. There is evidence on those shelves of a serious disposition and a religious spirit, but there is no smallest trace of any divergence from the opinions common in Plymouth. Not one of these books could have stood consistently upon a Roman Catholic shelf.

We may reasonably infer from such facts as these that Myles Standish, who was by family a Roman Catholic, by baptism, in Chorley Church, an Episcopalian, and by association a Puritan, was a person of independent mind who did not further commit himself. That he was a Roman Catholic, either in practice or opinion, during his life in Plymouth, there is not the least ground for belief.

The life of Standish is divided into two almost exactly equal portions by the sailing of the *Mayflower*. Born, so near as we can tell, in 1584, he died in 1656. The year

1620 is midway between these dates precisely. Of the first part of his career scarce anything is known. Morton, in his "New England's Memorial," tells us all that he knows about it in half a sentence. "In his younger time," he says, "he went over into the Low Countries, and was a soldier there, and came acquainted with the church at Leyden."

The lad became a soldier, naturally. The surreptitious detaining of his inheritance indicates family dissensions, and it may have been the discomfort or compulsion of them which drove him from home. He was probably glad to go. It was a day of adventure. Men who had no cause for which to fight at home went abroad seeking occupation for their swords. It was Sir Philip Sidney who said, "Whenever you hear of a good war, go to it"; and he had himself followed his own advice, going into the Netherlands for the joy of the fray. Young Standish's mind would respond to this gallant counsel: to the wars he went.

Spain and Holland were still fighting. In 1584, the year of Myles's birth, William the Silent was assassinated. In 1604, Elizabeth having died, and James having succeeded her upon the throne of England, the English forces which had been helping Holland were withdrawn. As Standish was at that time but twenty years of age, it is plain that he had not seen any extended service. The most notable military event of that time was the siege of Ostend, which came to an end in that year. It is a fair guess that the young soldier had a part in that foolish tragedy. Of his "three muskets, four carbines, two small guns, one fowling piece, a sword, a cutlass and three belts," some, it is likely, were used in this campaign, and were tried against the Spaniards before they were directed against the Indians. It was probably at this time, also, that he purchased his copies of "Cesar's Commentarys" and "Bariff's Artillery," which he could hardly have desired for counsel in his

dealings with the Massachusetts or the Narragansetts.

Two swords are still shown, one in Boston and the other in Plymouth, which are said to have belonged to him. The Plymouth sword, in Pilgrim Hall, has an Arabic inscription on its blade, which carries its history out of the bounds of knowledge into the camps of that Moslem enemy who, even in Standish's time, was menacing and molesting Europe. It may easily have belonged to some pirate Turk, taken in his ship in the English Channel, and have been sold by its captor. Myles probably bought it at second-hand. Unlike his predecessor, Captain John Smith, he had no personal encounters with men whose speech was Arabic.

The Boston sword, which is in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, is supposed by Mr. Winsor to be the one which Alexander Standish inherited, and was handed down to Alexander's grandson, John Standish, of Plymouth,

from whom it was borrowed on a training-day by a careless neighbor who never carried it back. In 1849, Mr. Winsor was informed by Mr. Moses Standish, of Boston, that he had seen in the house of this Captain John Standish a coat of mail which had belonged to his great-grandfather. "It was a cloth garment, being thickly interwoven with a metallic wire, so as to make it extremely durable, and scarcely penetrable. The suit was complete, including a helmet and breastplate."

In 1604, when England and Spain professed to be friends, it seemed as if there would be no further use for these weapons, offensive or defensive. In 1609, however, two events took place which determined where young Standish's taste for war should find gratification. One was the establishment of a general peace. In the West of Europe, though contending armies, Catholic and Protestant, made a truce of twelve years, in the East of Europe, other contending armies, Christian and

Moslem, agreed to fight no more for almost twice that length of time. Thus Standish's profession offered him no future in Europe; no princes would buy his sword. The other event was the removal from Amsterdam to Leyden of a little group of English Puritan refugees. Thus, in this year or later, Standish came into acquaintance with Robinson and Brewster, and with Carver and Bradford and Winslow. When the Puritans began presently to look across the sea, he naturally bethought himself of Walter Raleigh and Lyon Gardner and John Smith and Ferdinando Gorges, companions in arms with him, who, being in his condition, without employment, had found occupation and adventure in the new world. He cast in his lot with the emigrating congregation.

The Puritans had, indeed, found Leyden "a fair and bewtiful citie, and of a sweete situation," and had especially appreciated the advantages of living in the neighborhood of its university. They knew the per-

ils of an untried climate. “ For that they should be liable,” they said, “ to famine, and nakedness, and ye want, in a manner, of all things. The change of aire, diate, and drinking of water would infecte their bodies with sore sickness and greevous diseases. And also those which should escape or overcome these difficulties, should yett be in continuall danger of ye salvage people, who are cruel, barberous and most trecherous, being most furious in their rage and merciles where they overcome: nor being content only to kill and take away life, but delight to tormente men in ye most bloodie manner that may be; fleeing some alive with ye shells of fishes, cutting of ye members and joyntes of others peesmeale, and, broiling on ye coles, eate ye collops of their flesh in their sight whilst they live: with other cruelties horrible to be related.”

This was not a cheerful prospect. But the truce between Holland and Spain was nearly over,—the twelve years ending in 1621,—and the Indians, they may well have

thought, could not be much worse than the Spaniards. Other reasons, also, impelled them. They desired to have a country of their own, where they might bring up their children to be religious English folk. They determined to seek an abiding place in the wild lands across the sea.

In the meantime, Myles Standish had been getting married. Somewhere,—tradition says, in the Isle of Man,—he had found a young person named Rose, who was willing, under the safe covert of his protection, to brave the possible horrors of New England. Standish was now thirty-six years old, being arrived at the middle year of his life. Longfellow tells how he looked—

“ Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles
and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard
was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes
in November.”

That is as near as we can come to it. He was certainly short of stature. Master Morton, of Merrymount, in his “*New England Canaan*,” wrote satirical descriptions of the colonists, and called Captain Standish, “*Captaine Shrimpe.*” “Had we been at home in our full number,” he says, recounting how Standish invaded and arrested the mischievous household, we “would have given *Captaine Shrimpe* (a quondam Drummer) such a welcome as would have made him wish for a Drumme as bigg as Diogenes’ tubb, that he might have crept into it out of sight.” So, too, the Indian Pecksuot told him, “Though he were a great Captain, yet he was but a little Man.” William Hubbard, also, already quoted, said, “A little chimney is soon fired: so was the Plymouth captain, a man of very little stature, yet of a very hot and hasty temper.”

There is no authentic portrait of Standish, though the picture in the “*Standishes of America*” suits the part well. It shows

a sturdy person, in the stiff ruff of the period, with full black beard, and a look of stout determination in his eyes. But the compiler tells us that nothing is definitely known about this portrait prior to the year 1812. It is true that Standish was in England in the year 1625, when the picture is dated. But the times were not such as to suggest the painting of portraits: money was uncommonly scarce, and London had the plague. The Pilgrims did not sit for their pictures. The walls of their houses did not present suitable backgrounds for the hanging of paintings in oil.

“ Wednesday, the sixth of September, the wind coming East North East, a fine small gale, we loosed from Plymouth [the English Plymouth], having been kindly entertained and courteously used by divers friends there dwelling: and after many difficulties in boisterous storms, at length, by God’s Providence, upon the 9th of November following, by break of day, we espied land; which we deemed to be Cape Cod, and

so afterward it proved.” The year was 1620, and the dates, being “old style,” need to be increased by ten to bring them into proper position in our present calendar.

Two days later, after perilous encounters with “dangerous shoals and roaring breakers” in a vain attempt to make what is now the harbor of New York, they dropped anchor near the end of Long Point and not far from the present village of Provincetown. They found themselves in a circling bay “compassed about to the very sea with oaks, pines, juniper, sassafras, and other sweet wood,” and so capacious that therein “a thousand sail of ships may safely ride.” The water, however, was so shallow that they could not come near the shore by “three-quarters of an English mile.” They had to wade “a bow-shot or two” in “going aland”; thus getting such coughs and colds as made them ill-prepared for the rigors which awaited them.

In the cabin of the *Mayflower*, lying thus at Provincetown, they drew up a notable compact in which they agreed to combine themselves together into a civil body politic; and by virtue thereof to make laws to which they promised all due submission and obedience. The sixth name signed to this document was that of Captain Myles Standish.

Thus the new life began, under November skies. “Being thus passed ye vast ocean,” writes Bradford, in his history, “they had now no friends to wellcome them, nor inns to entertaine or refresh their weatherbeaten bodies, no houses or much less townes, to repaire too, to seek for succore. . . . And for the season, it was winter, and they that know ye winters of that countrie know them to be sharp and violent, and subject to cruell and feirce storms, dangerous to travill to known places, much more to such an unknown coast.”

The first task was exploration, and the

first mention of Standish is as the leader of an expedition. “ And so with cautions, directions and instructions, sixteen men were sent out, with every man his musket, sword and corselet, under the conduct of Captain Myles Standish.” They ordered themselves in “ a Single File ” and marched for a mile by the sea, without meeting with an adventure, when, at last, they saw five or six persons with a dog coming towards them, who, when they espied this army of invasion, ran into the woods, whistling the dog after them. Standish and his men followed these citizens, but were not able to overtake them, for they “ ran away with might and main.” Thus they went for ten miles, following their footprints. Then it grew dark, and they built a camp-fire, and setting a guard, bestowed themselves for the night. The next day they went on through the woods making their way through boughs and bushes which, as they reported, tore their very armor in pieces. About ten in the

morning, being then in what is now Truro, they found a spring, “ of which,” they said, “ we were heartily glad, and sot us down and drank our first New England water with as much delight as ever we drank drink in all our lives.” That day they found some planks laid together, where a house had been, and a ship’s kettle, “ brought out of Europe,” and nearby in sand-heaps a store of corn, “ some yellow, and some red, and some mixed with blue; which was a very goodly sight.” Of this they helped themselves, filling the kettle and their pockets. So they made their way back to the ship, with some difficulty, getting lost in the woods, and seemed to their companions as fairly laden as the men from Eshcol. Eight months after, they met the owners of this corn and paid them for it. This find of corn they called the First Discovery.

On Wednesday, the 6th (16th) of December, another exploring expedition, consisting of ten men and led, as before, by

Captain Standish, started in search of a proper place for the settlement. The weather was very cold, the water freezing on their clothes and making them “like coats of iron.” They went by water, in the shallop, landing now and then and making expeditions into the country. In the middle of the second night, as they lay on the shore by their fire, they heard “a great and hideous cry,” and shot off a couple of muskets, at which the noise ceased, and they judged it had been made by wolves or foxes. But about five o’clock the next morning, having had prayers and preparing breakfast, the cry sounded again, and one of the company came running in, shouting, “They are men! Indians! Indians!” And the sentinel was followed by a flight of arrows. The arms had already been carried to the boat, but Standish had a snap-lance ready—a gun with a flint lock—and he made a shot, and presently the others were ready; the Indians meanwhile keeping up their dreadful

cry, “Woach!” they screamed, “Woach! Ha! Ha! Hach! Woach!”—sounding not unlike a college yell. Finally their leader “gave an extraordinary cry and away they went all.” None of the Englishmen had been hit by the discharge of arrows, nor do they record having wounded any Indian. They followed the retreating savages a little space, and then shouted “all together, two several times; and shot off a couple of muskets; and so returned. This we did that they might see that we were not afraid of them nor discouraged.” Thus ended the First Encounter.

Then, giving God thanks, they set sail again, looking for a harbor to which the ship’s pilot had directed them; he had been there once, he said, and the savages had stolen his harpoon; he called it Thievish Harbor. Now it began to snow and rain and blow, and the sea was very rough. The rudder broke; the mast was split in three pieces. At last, after a day of peril, they “fell upon a place of sandy ground” on

the shore of a small island. There they stayed till morning, and the next day, being Sunday, they said their prayers and sang their hymns, on Clark's Island, as we call it. "On Monday they sounded ye harbor, and founde it fitt for shipping; and marched into ye land & found diverse corn-fields & little running brooks, a place (as they supposed) fitt for situation; at least it was ye best they could find; and ye season and their present necessities, made them glad to accepte of it. So they returned to their shipp again with this news to ye rest of their people, which did much comforte their harts."

Thus is the Landing recorded, without adjective or exclamation. The date was December 11, or, by our reckoning, the 21st, piously kept as "Forefathers' Day." No rock is mentioned, but as there is no other rock in the immediate neighborhood of their getting ashore, there is no reason to doubt that they set their feet on the boulder of tradition. It has been debated

whether John Alden or Mary Chilton was the first to land; but that event was later, when the *Mayflower* followed the shallop's course into Plymouth Bay. Let us hazard the conjecture that Myles Standish, being the leader of this expedition, was himself the first to stand on "the threshold of the United States."

The First Encounter had made the pilgrims thankful that they had a military man among them. They were now expectant of an Indian attack. Among their domestic and religious preparations for the winter they did not neglect those important and, as they thought, necessary precautions for which Standish was responsible. After two months of anxiety, during which they sometimes saw great smokes of Indian fires, but never an Indian, it happened at the end of February, that "Captain Myles Standish and Francis Cooke, being at work in the woods, coming home left their tools behind them, but before they returned they were taken away by the savages."

The next day, “ in the morning,” says the record in Mourt’s “ Relation,” “ we called a meeting for the establishment of military orders among ourselves; and we chose Myles Standish our captain, and gave him authority of command in affairs. And as we were in consultation hereabouts, two savages presented themselves upon the top of a hill, over against our plantation, about a quarter of a mile and less, and made signs unto us to come unto them: we likewise made signs unto them to come unto us. Whereupon we armed ourselves and made ready, and sent two over the brook towards them, to-wit, Captain Standish and Stevens Hopkins, who went towards them. Only one of them had a musket, which they laid down on the ground in their sight, in sign of peace and to parley with them. But the savages would not tarry their coming. A noise of a great many more was heard behind the hill; but no more came in sight. This led us to

plant our great ordnance in places most convenient.”

Meanwhile, in January and February, of the company of settlers half had died. “In ye depth of winter, and wanting houses and other comforts, being infected with ye scurvie and other diseases, which their long voyage and their inacomodate condition had brought upon them,” they died, “sometimes 2 or 3 of a day.” On the 5th of February, Rose Standish died. “Scarce fifty remained,” says Bradford, “and of these in ye time of most distress ther was but 6. or 7. sound persons, who, to their great comendations be it spoken, spared no pains, night nor day, but with abundance of toyle and hazard of their own health, fetched the wood, made them fires, dressed them meat, made their beds, washed their lothsome cloths—and all this willingly and cheerfully, without any grudging in the least, shewing herein their true love unto their friends and brethren.” “Two of

these 7. were Mr. William Brewster, their reverend Elder, and Myles Standish, their Captain and Military Commander."

In this forlorn condition was the settlement, many dead and most of the others sick, the sea before them, and the menacing forest behind, when, on the Friday morning of a "fair, warm day" in March, there came in boldly "all alone and along the houses," a naked savage, crying, "Welcome!" Samoset was himself but a visitor in these parts, being from Maine, where he had learned some English from the fishermen; he was able, however, to give much information. He explained the hostility shown to Standish in the First Encounter by the fact that Captain Hunt, an English shipmaster, had stolen twenty-seven men from those shores and carried them to Spain to sell as slaves. He said that one of these captives, named Squanto, had got to England, where he had lived in London for some years with a merchant in Cornhill, and had himself made his way home.

And he told the story of the Great Plague. Standish learned that they who had been feared as enemies, against whom he had established on the hill his Minion and his Saker, and his Bases—stout cannon all—were themselves vanquished, broken, and almost exterminated by pestilence. Presently Samoset brought Squanto, and Samoset and Squanto procured a conference between the pilgrims and Massasoit, their nearest neighbor.

Massasoit had prudently prepared himself for this interview by getting “ all the Powachs of ye cuntrie, for 3. days together, in a horid and divellish maner to curse and execrate them with their conjurations, which assambly and service they held in a dark and dismall swampe.” He now came forward, Captain Standish and Master Allerton meeting him at the brook with half-a-dozen musketeers. He was conducted to a barn then in building, where were placed a green rug and three or four cushions. The Indian king and the

Puritan governor kissed each other's hands. Then "the governor called for some strong water and drunk to him, and he drunk a great draught, that made him sweat all the time after." So they made a treaty of peace, assuring Massasoit that so long as he kept it "King James would esteem of him as his friend and ally." The next day Standish and Allerton "venturously" returned the Indians' visit, and were regaled with groundnuts and tobacco.

In spite of this polite beginning, the Pilgrims never got on well with the Indians. The contrast, in this particular, between the two colonies founded by religious persons and for religious purposes,—Plymouth and Pennsylvania,—is very marked. William Penn lands upon the site of Philadelphia and finds a company of Indians. They receive him cheerfully, give him food, and entertain him with games, skipping and jumping. Penn skips and jumps with them, and they are all fraternally merry together. Myles Standish lands on Cape

Cod, forms his men in single file, all in armor and carrying guns, and presently the Indians raise a great cry and come upon them with arrows. Penn had no gun. The only man harmed by the Indians of Pennsylvania during a long course of years was one who owned a gun. The Pilgrims came out with a full equipment, not only of muskets, but of cannon. This was probably due to Standish's counsel; he looked after the munitions of war. It is possible that if Standish had not been of the company, and the settlers had come as peaceable and friendly folk, they might have established the same relations with their savage neighbors as prevailed in Pennsylvania.

On the other hand, it appears that a hostile feeling had preceded the settlement of Plymouth. The Indians of those parts had chiefly learned to esteem white men as enemies. They had a tradition that the great plague came from a Frenchman's curse. They remembered Hunt, the kid-

napper. It is likely that had it not been for Captain Standish, the Pilgrims, landing under such conditions, among Indians of a more savage temper than those of Pennsylvania, and justly enraged, would have been summarily cut off. As it was, they had several narrow escapes. So that it may fairly be said that Standish saved the colony. Without him, it might have met the fate of other, worse defended settlements.

The Plymouth people had now three valuable Indian friends: Massasoit, the sachem; Squanto, the interpreter; and Hobamack, one of Massasoit's warriors, a man of might. They cast in their lot with the white men. They were very jealous the one of another; and Squanto, by a childish trick, which was meant to show that he was the best friend of the white man, came near to getting the settlers into serious trouble with Massasoit. But they were faithful friends, both of them, and even their jealousy was turned to account

by taking Squanto into Governor Bradford's house, and Hobamack into Captain Standish's, at which convenient distance they competed which should do the colony most good. Squanto taught the settlers how to fish and plant, and served as guide and adviser. He materially assisted Standish's defensive measures by informing the Indians that the English had the plague buried in a pot under the ground, whence they were likely to bring it out on the least provocation.

In August, 1621, Corbitant, one of the neighbors of Massasoit, having refused to sign the treaty of peace, seized Squanto, saying that now the English had lost their tongue. Standish felt that hesitation, or even forbearance, would now be fatal. Straight he marched with fourteen men into Corbitant's town, beset the chief's house, and without serious bloodshed brought back the interpreter in safety.

In September, with nine men of Plymouth, and Squanto for pilot, Standish

sailed up into Boston Bay. They spent a night in the open boat in the lee of Thompson's Island, and in the morning landed on the peninsula, whose name of Squantum preserves the memory of their friend. The event is commemorated by a monument bearing the inscription,

Captain Myles Standish
with his men, guided by the
Indian Squanto, landed here
September 30, 1621.

Here they found a pile of lobsters, freshly caught, on which they made their breakfast, paying for them, according to their honest custom, when they met the owners. Presently they found the "governor," named Obbatinewat, who lived, as they expressed it, "in the bottom of the Massachusetts Bay." Obbatinewat, who was much afraid of his visitors, told them how he lived in terror, not only of the Tarratines, a savage people dwelling to the north, but of the squaw sachem, a lady of the immediate neighborhood, who was continually attack-

ing him. The Pilgrims looked about the country, crossing over to what is now Charlestown, and marching inland to what is now Medford and Winchester. Every camp was abandoned upon their approach. All the warriors hid themselves in the woods. The great plague had not only broken their strength, but had destroyed their nerve: they had no spirit left. The visitors found many squaws, but missed the Massachusetts Queen. They came away with two impressions of Boston: first, that it was inhabited mainly by women; and, secondly, that it was the most beautiful place they had found in all their travels. So they returned to Plymouth, with a fair wind and a light moon.

In December, the Narragansetts, of Rhode Island, the most formidable of their neighbors, sent a messenger with a bundle of arrows wrapped in a rattlesnake's skin. Standish detained the messenger until they should learn what these symbols meant. When it was found that they threatened

war, the men of Plymouth stuffed the skin with powder and shot, and returned polite regrets to the Narragansetts that the English had no suitable boats in which to make them a visit, adding that if the Narragansetts cared to come and make the first call themselves they might be sure of a warm reception. The Narragansetts sent back the powder and shot, and did not come. But the Pilgrims, knowing how much stouter their defiance was than their defence, set a strong line of palings about the settlement, with gates to lock at night; and Captain Standish divided the men into four companies, and summoned a “ general muster.”

The most serious peril came, however, from another direction. In the summer of 1622, Master Weston, a money-making citizen of London, who had been concerned in the sailing of the *Mayflower*, established a colony at Wessagusset, near the present Weymouth. It was a trading venture, and the colonists were most of them “ rude

fellows," as Weston himself called them; "stout knaves," was the name which Master Morton called them, being an associate with them.

Food was very scarce both at Wessagusset and at Plymouth; and this scarcity the new colonists increased by foolishly paying the Indians as much for a quart of corn as the Plymouth people were wont to pay for a skin of beaver. The two settlements sent out a joint expedition that autumn in search of food; Standish being in command, and Squanto acting as interpreter. The weather was very bad, and the boat was several times forced back into port. Standish fell sick of a fever, and gave up the command to Bradford. Presently, at Chatham, on the back side of Cape Cod, Squanto was suddenly taken sick and died. At last, having secured some corn, Bradford and his party left the Wessagusset people to bring the food to port, and walked home fifty miles, preferring that to the company of their neighbors. Even thus,

the supply was not sufficient, and there was hunger in both colonies.

Under these hard circumstances, the men of the new colony so conducted themselves as to cause the Indians to lose both fear and respect of them. In their straits, they sold the Indians their clothes and bed-coverings. “Others (so base were they) became servants to the Indeans; and would cutt their woode & fetch them water for a cap full of corne; others fell to plaine stealing, both night and day, from ye Indeans, of which they greevously complained.” Thus the Indians began not only to hate but to despise them. They daily insulted the planters. “Yea, in ye end,” says Bradford, “they were faine to hang one of their men, whom they could not reclaime from stealing, to give ye Indeans contente.” Master Morton, in his “New English Canaan,” says that they put the stout thief’s clothes upon another of their company who was sick and not likely to live, and hanged the sick man in the well man’s

place. It is the story which Butler tells in
“*Hudibras*”:

“ Our Brethren of New England use
Choice Malefactors to excuse,
And hang the Guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the Churches have less need;
As lately happened: In a town
There lived a Cobbler, and but one
That out of Doctrine could cut Use,
And mend men’s lives as well as shoes.
This precious Brother having slain,
In times of peace, an Indian,
(Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
Because he was an Infidel,)
The mighty Tottipottymoy
Sent to our Elders an envoy,
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league held forth by Brother Patch,
Against the articles in force
Between both churches, his and ours,
For which he craved the Saints to render
Into his hands, or hang th’ Offender;
But they maturely having weighed
They had no more than him o’ th’ trade,
(A man that served them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble,)
Resolv’d to spare him; yet to do
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old Weaver that was bed-rid.”

The right man was hanged, but even this
did not give “*ye Indeans contente.*” They

made a plot to exterminate the white men. Few in numbers themselves, they sent messengers to the Narragansetts, to the Cape Cod tribes, and, in short, to all their neighbors in the forest, and arranged for a general massacre. Winslow went to see Massasoit, who was sick, and either by application of simple remedies or by turning out the native doctors with their tom-toms, recovered him to health; and Massasoit disclosed the plot.

Standish, at the same time, went on another expedition to Cape Cod for corn, and met with a cold reception from Indians who had before been friendly. He found Wituwamat there, a Massachusetts Indian, who flourished a knife, and made a wild speech, insulting the captain. That night one of the savages insisted on sleeping in Standish's lodging, making great protestations of friendship. The night was bitterly cold, and partly by reason of the weather, partly from anxiety and suspicion, the captain took no rest, "but

either walked, or turned himself to and fro at the fire." The Indian asked him why he did not sleep, and he answered that "he knew not well, but he had no desire at all to rest." So the perilous night passed.

No sooner had Winslow and Standish returned with these ill tidings, than Phinehas Pratt suddenly appeared from Wessagusset, covered with snow, fainting with fear, hunger, and weariness, and pursued by Indians. He brought information that the plot was on the eve of execution.

Standish took eight men with him and proceeded straight to the heart of the peril. Nobody in the colony knew the Indians as he did. Winslow says that he could understand their language better than any of the others. He knew that, under the circumstances, conciliation would be impossible. It was a hard case. The Indians had a good deal of right on their side. A company of vagabonds gathered from the corners of London streets made most unpleasant neighbors, whom even the Pil-

grims could not endure. It was natural enough that the Indians should resolve to get rid of them, and natural enough, also, that they should fail to make a fine discrimination and should include all the people of pale face under the ban. On the other hand, the lives of the Plymouth settlers were at stake, and the great cause for which they stood was in peril. Standish saw clearly that there was but one way out. And he took that way.

Being arrived at the stockade at Wessagusset, the captain found the colonists weak and frightened, and the Indians bold and insulting. Wituwamat showed a sharp knife having a woman's face pictured on the handle. "I have another at home," he said, "wherewith I have killed both French and English, and that hath a man's face on it; and by-and-by these two must marry." Pecksuot, also, a man of great size, taunted Standish on his short stature. The next day, being the 6th of April, 1623, they came again, these braves and

a few others, the leaders and inspirers of the plot. They were allowed to enter the blockhouse. Suddenly Standish gave a signal, and upon the instant leaped on Pecksuot, seized the knife which hung at his neck, and stabbed him with it. Each of his four or five companions attacked another savage. The door was fastened, and for a few tragic moments, without groan or cry, the struggle went on. When the door was opened, the men who were the heart and hands of the conspiracy were all dead. On the day after there was a brief skirmish in which Hobamack put the remaining warriors to flight.

When Pastor Robinson, in Leyden, heard of this encounter he was much grieved thereat, and besought the church to consider the disposition of their captain, who was of a warm temper, adding also, in words applicable to other campaigns of nearer date, “O how happy a thing had it been that you had converted some before you killed any.” There is no doubt,

however, but that Standish, by thus taking the lives of a few, saved the lives of many, both Englishmen and Indians. It was the only blood which the captain shed. Thereafter, his name alone was as terrible as an army with banners.

One of the original settlers at Wessagusset was Thomas Morton. Morton was a London lawyer, an ardent sportsman and lover of nature. Massachusetts delighted him. Its “many goodly groves of trees, dainty, fine, round, rising hillocks, delicate, fair, large plains, sweet, crystal fountains, and clear running streams,” with fruit and flowers and “lilies of the Daphnean tree,” made the land seem to him like Paradise. He returned to England before winter came to change his mind, and before the Wessagusset people entered into their misfortunes. Presently Captain Wollaston fitting out an expedition, Morton came back with it; and after some months, Wollaston and most of his party having moved to Virginia, Morton put him-

self at the head of the half-dozen who remained.

The settlers established themselves at Passonagessit, within the limits of the present city of Quincy. There they built their house on the summit of one of those gentle hills which Morton liked so much, looking out over Boston Bay. They had two purposes: one was to trade with the Indians for skins; the other was to have as good a time as was possible under the circumstances. Their pursuit of these purposes made them excessively obnoxious to all their prudent and serious English neighbors. Morton, indeed, with his boisterous ideas of pleasure and his frank dislike of Puritans, represented everything that was objectionable in politics, in religion, and in manners. Bradford says that he “became lord of misrule and maintained (as it were) a school of Atheisme.” Mr. Fiske, in his “Beginnings of New England,” suggests that the accusation of atheism was “based upon the fact that he

used the Book of Common Prayer.” That Morton used the Prayer Book he, himself, asserts. “ Mine host,” he says, meaning himself, “ was a man that indeavoured to advance the dignity of the Church of England, which they (on the contrary part) would labour to vilifie with uncivile terms; enveying against the sacred book of common prayer and mine host that used it in a laudable manner amongst his family, as a practice of piety.” Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in his “ Three Episodes of Massachusetts History,” thinks it likely that Morton somewhat exaggerated his championship in order to get the favor of Laud in the troubles which he presently had with the Puritans. The combination of fervent piety with Morton’s marked devotion to “ barrells of beere ” and “ lassies in beaver coats ” is, to say the least, improbable. And the spectacle of Master Morton reading the Morning Prayer with his companions at Merrymount passes imagination. There is, at least, no doubt but that

in his trading with the Indians, he sold them guns and ammunition. That, of itself, made him a mischievous citizen. Every colonist's life was endangered.

On the May-day of 1627 the men of Merymount set up a May-pole. We "brewed a barrell of excellente beere," says the chief offender, telling his own story, "and provided for a case of bottles, to be spent, with other good cheare, for all comers of that day." And he "brought the Maypole to the place appointed with drummes, gunnes, pistols and other fitting instruments for that purpose; and there erected it with the help of savages, that came thether of purpose to see the manner of our Revels." So they danced about it, the white men and the braves and the lassies in beaver coats, and were as merry as the day was long.

This, the "precise separatists that lived at New Plymouth" found a "lamentable Spectacle." Twice they wrote to Morton, but he answered with high words. The

situation became so serious that all the settlers up and down the neighboring coasts were concerned. If the Merry-mount proceedings continued, the residence of decent people in those parts would become impossible. Finally, Myles Standish was sent out to arrest the offending household. He took eight men with him,—a number which he seems to have preferred in the face of danger or difficulty,—and laid hold on Morton as he was on a visit to Wessagusset. But in the night Morton got away. They had him sleeping between guards, but the guards slept sounder than he did. Suddenly a door slammed and they awoke to find him gone. “The word,” he says, “which was given with an alarme, was, ‘O, he’s gon—he’s gon! What shell wee doe, he’s gon!’—the rest (halfe a sleepe) start up in a maze, and, like rames, ran their heads one at another full batt in the darke. Their guard leader, Captaine Shrimpe, tooke on most furiously, and tore his clothes for anger to

see the empty nest and their bird gone. The rest were eager to have torne theire haire from theire heads; but it was so short, that it would give them no hold."

Standish and his men started in pursuit, and found Morton and two companions entrenched at Merrymount, well armed with guns, but too drunk to use them. Thus they were captured, and brought down to Plymouth, whence Morton was presently shipped to England, where he wrote his "New English Canaan," and, in various ways, at the court of Charles I, did what he could to make trouble for the colony.

Meanwhile the captain had comforted himself in his hardships and responsibilities by a second marriage.

The earliest account which I can find of the romantic tradition which is associated with Standish's memory is in the Rev. Timothy Alden's "Collection of American Epitaphs." Mr. Alden says that he had the story from those to whom it had been care-

fully handed down. “ In a very short time after the decease of Mrs. Standish, the captain was led to think that if he could obtain Miss Priscilla Mullins, a daughter of Mr. William Mullins, the breach in his family would be happily repaired. He, therefore, according to the custom of those times, sent to ask Mr. Mullins’s permission to visit his daughter. John Alden, the messenger, went and faithfully communicated the wishes of the captain. The old gentleman did not object, as he might have done, on account of the recency of Captain Standish’s bereavement. He said it was perfectly agreeable to him, but the young lady must also be consulted. The damsel was then called into the room, and John Alden, who is said to have been a man of most excellent form, with a fair and ruddy complexion, arose, and, in a very courteous and prepossessing manner, delivered his errand. Miss Mullins listened with respectful attention, and, at last, after a considerable pause, fixing her eyes upon him,

said, ‘Prithee, John, why do you not speak for yourself?’ ”

The captain’s second wife was Barbara, whose other name is unknown, a passenger by the *Ann*. Presently he settled on his land at Duxbury, having the Captain’s Hill in the middle of his farm, now crowned by his tall monument. Here he built him a house, wherein he lived to the end of his days. Here he gathered his children about him: his six boys, Alexander, Charles, John, Myles, Josiah, and a second Charles, and his daughter, Lora. The little daughter’s sampler is in Pilgrim Hall in Plymouth,

“ Lora Standish is my name.

Lord, guide my heart that I may do thy will;
Also fill my hands with such convenient skill
As will conduce to virtue void of shame,
And I will give the glory to thy name.”

Alexander Standish married Sarah Alden, daughter of John and Priscilla.

The captain continued all his life in the military command of the colony. Once he went to fight the French, who had interfered with the Plymouth trade on the Pen-

obscot river, but it was a fruitless expedition. Again he prepared to fight the Dutch, when there was war between England and Holland in 1652, but peace was declared before colonial hostilities began. The Narragansetts raised a force to attack the settlements, and the captain led the Plymouth company which marched with the men of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Haven to meet them, but the Indians did not fight.

Standish took part also in the civil affairs of the colony. For twenty years he was one of the governor's assistants. Once he went, as agent of the plantation, to England, where he began the negotiations by which, later, he and seven others bought out all the interests of the Merchant Adventurers in the Plymouth Colony for £1,800. The year, however, was a bad one. Even within sight of England, the companion to Standish's ship was captured by the Turks, and passengers and crew sold into slavery. Affairs of state were in

disorder, and the plague was in possession of London. It was no time to do business, and Standish returned, having borrowed £150 at 50 per cent. interest.

Lowell, in his “ Interview with Miles Standish,” sits before the fire at twilight, looking reflectively upon a chair beside him, which had been conveyed to these shores in the good ship *Mayflower*.

“ It came out in that famous bark
That brought our sires intrepid,
Capacious as another ark
For furniture decrepit.”

And as the logs burn low, and the poet’s thoughts go back into those old days which he had been considering, behold the chair is occupied; he sees

“ . . . its trembling arms enclose
A figure grim and rusty,
Whose doublet plain and plainer hose
Were somewhat worn and dusty.”

And, as he wonders who his guest may be,

“ Just then the ghost drew up his chair
And said, ‘ My name is Standish.’ ”

Whereupon ensues a sturdy conversation, in which the captain speaks his mind on the subject of compromise with slavery.

Thus he sat in his declining days, looking out over the green country which his strong arm had helped to win, reading his Homer's "*Iliad* " with an appreciation which, in these gentler days, we miss, consulting now his "*Country Farmer*," and now his "*Phisition's Practice*," according to the emergency, bucolic or domestic; studying his "*History of the World*," in whose continuing chapters he himself should have a place; and on Sundays refreshing his soul with Borroughs' "*Gospel Conversation*," and the martial psalms of David.

There is a touch of tenderness in the words of the old man's will, which seems, for a moment, to be foreign to the grim spirit of him who stabbed Pecksuot, and nailed the head of Wituwamat to the wall of the meeting-house. But the captain had a warm heart ever. He loved his friends

with an enduring and solicitous affection. We may not forget his faithful nursing in the first tragic winter. He desires that his body may be laid as near as conveniently may be to his two dear daughters, Lora his daughter, and Mary, his daughter-in-law. He commends his dear and loving wife, Barbara Standish, to the Christian counsel and advice of his dear friends, Mr. Timothy Hatherly and Captain James Cudworth. “ Further, my will is that Marcye Robenson, whom I tenderly love for her grandfather’s sake, shall have three pounds.”

So he died, on the 3d day of October, 1656, with the regard of all who knew him, having rendered inestimable service to the cause of religion, of freedom, and of humanity.

**THE EDUCATION OF JOHN
HARVARD**

IV

THE EDUCATION OF JOHN HARVARD

ALL that was known of John Harvard before the 22d of February, 1884, may be stated in two minutes. It was based on a will, a signature, a record, and a book.

A will had been found in London drawn by a Robert Harvard, one of whose sons was named John. It was possible that this John was the benefactor of New England, but there was no proof. If he was, then his father belonged to the parish of St. Saviour's, Southwark, and was by trade a butcher.

A signature had been found in Cambridge, England, plainly that of our John when he took his degree. This showed that he studied at Emmanuel College, and was made B.A. in 1631 and M.A. in 1635.

A record remaining in the annals of the

First Church of Charlestown, Massachusetts, showed that John Harvard came to this country in 1637, was admitted a minister of God's Word in that place, died in 1638, and left to the neighboring college, newly founded, his library and half of his estate. A curious particularity in the midst of the general ignorance recorded that this contribution was £779 17s. 2d. The twopence were especially provoking.

Beside the will, the signature, and these local facts, was one book remaining from the library. All the others were burned at the destruction of Harvard Hall in 1764. This volume was a stout folio entitled "The Christian Warfare." A borrower had it on the day when the library was destroyed.

In 1882 persons interested in genealogy raised money to have English records searched for facts about New England families. The results were to be published in the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register." Mr. H. F. Waters,

a graduate of Harvard interested in such matters, was intrusted with this commission, and went to England and set about reading seventeenth century wills. In the midst of this business, having already consulted several thousands of these documents, suddenly, on Washington's Birthday, 1884, he rose up from his reading and said to his fellow antiquaries: "I have put my finger on John Harvard!"

Mr. Waters had found the will of Thomas Harvard, of Southwark, cloth-worker. His estate was to be divided between his widow and his living brother, John Harvard. He gave directions concerning his funeral at St. Saviour's, Southwark, and left forty shillings to Mr. Nicholas Morton, the minister, in recompense of the funeral sermon. One of the executors was Mr. Morton, the other was John Harvard. A note attesting the proving of the will by Mr. Morton, May 5, 1637, provided for a commission to be issued to John Harvard when he should come to seek it.

Here, accordingly, was a John Harvard absent from England in 1637, at the exact time when our John Harvard was on the sea coming in this direction.

This clue led the way to such discoveries that there is now no New Englander of that generation concerning whose relatives we know so much.

Another dramatic moment in these genealogical adventures came at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Waters found that John Harvard's mother was Katherine Rogers, of Stratford. He went to the parish church there and spent a day, as he says, from matins to evensong, examining the records, learning about the Rogers's. As he walked about the town in the long English twilight, he looked with interest at the timbered front of a fine Elizabethan house, under whose second story window stood the inscription T. R. 1596 A. R. At once there came to his mind the names of Thomas Rogers and Alice, his wife. Nobody in Stratford knew what the initials

meant, but the records of the property verified his conjecture. It was the house of John Harvard's grandfather, his mother's father.

These two incidents, the clause in the will and the inscription on the house, were but more dramatic events in a process of patient research whereby the facts concerning John Harvard became known. These facts are centred mainly about three places, Southwark, Cambridge, and Charlestown.

John Harvard was born in the London borough of Southwark, at the south end of London Bridge, in 1607, the Jamestown year. The date is determined by an entry in the parish register of St. Saviour's Church, showing that he was baptised in that year, on the 29th of November. The site of the house is located by the token books of St. Saviour's Church. According to ancient custom a token in the shape of a lead or pewter ticket was given to every communicant once a year, and was by him

returned to the vicar on the occasion of his attendance at the service. A record of these tickets was kept in the token book, wherein were entered the name and address of every communicant. The book shows that the Harvards lived in High Street, opposite the Boar's Head Inn.

The father of John Harvard, like the father of Cardinal Wolsey, was a butcher. It was a good business in Southwark, exceeded only, if at all, by that of inn-holding; the place was filled with inns and butcher shops. For London Bridge was the great gate of London. There began the road to Winchester and to Canterbury, and to the great world in general. There was continual coming and going; hence the demand for inns, and the demand for butchers to supply them.

John Harvard's mother, Katherine Rogers, knew the Shakespeares, at Stratford. Her father and Shakespeare's father were aldermen together and near neighbors. From 1596 to 1611, that is, till

John Harvard was four years of age, William Shakespeare had his residence in Southwark, where his Globe Theatre stood not far from the Harvard house. It is a fair guess that he visited his old friends, and that on the occasion of these visits he held John Harvard on his knee. As for Katherine, she was three times married: to Robert Harvard, the butcher; after his death to John Elletson, the cooper; after his death to Richard Yearwood, a grocer, having a seat in the Puritan Parliament. She was evidently a pleasant person. The money which founded Harvard College came from the earnings of these honest tradesmen.

There were brothers and sisters. Mary and Robert were older than John; Thomas, Katherine, and Peter were younger.

The town of Southwark of that day was a busy and interesting place. Standing at the door of the Harvard house and looking to the left one saw the Thames, crossed by London Bridge, whose formidable gate

served for the purpose of defence and for the display of heads of offenders. In a picture made in 1616, when John Harvard was of the age of nine, eighteen such heads on pikes are displayed above the gate.

Looking to the right, one saw the street, gradually widening, ascend St. Margaret's hill. In the middle, almost in front of the Harvard house, were the pillory and the cage, and beyond these the bull ring, for baiting bulls. The bear garden for baiting bears was on the river bank, next to the Globe Theatre. The process of baiting was to fasten the bull or the bear behind and let the dogs loose upon him. The Puritans were said to object to this entertainment, not on account of the pain which it gave to the bear, but on account of the pleasure which it gave to the spectators. In this they were quite right.

Directly across the road from the Harvard door was the Boar's Head Inn, and to the right, in almost continuous row, were nine other taverns; including the

Tabard, memorable as the meeting place of the Canterbury Pilgrims, and the White Hart, where Mr. Pickwick made the acquaintance of Sam Weller; and the Queen's Head, which John Harvard's mother left him in her will. Behind the Boar's Head, in large grounds, stood St. Thomas's Hospital. On one side of the Harvard house was the Bull's Head Inn, on the other side was the east chain gate of the churchyard of St. Saviour's Church. Near the church in the same enclosure was the Grammar School, which the church maintained.

John Harvard began his schooling, according to custom, at the age of seven, and continued this form of education for a dozen years till he was prepared for college. Shakespeare gives a picture of the schoolboy of John Harvard's time:

“The whining schoolboy with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school.”

The day began in winter at seven, in summer at six, and continued, with two hours

intermission for dinner, until five or six. Thus the rules required a boy to bring, not only a Bible and other books, pens, paper and ink in his satchel, but candles for the early and late hours of the dark days of winter. There was a vacation of one week at the time of the Southwark Fair. One reason why the whining schoolboy went unwillingly to school is seen by the advice given by the authorities to parents “to manage with great discretion and severity at home, which will make him love his school.” Every quarter every boy paid twopence for brooms and rods; these brooms were not intended for domestic use, but were applied to the dusting of the boys’ backs. The boy of seven must already know the rudiments of Latin grammar, and be able to read Tully, his Second Epistle, and Corderius, his “ Dialogues.” Thence he proceeded along the ways of Latin and Greek and Hebrew.

St. Saviour’s Church, whose bells sounded in John Harvard’s ears from his

earliest infancy, had been the chapel of a priory of Augustinian monks, and was then named St. Mary Overy, which is interpreted to mean St. Mary of the Ferry, for the church antedated London Bridge. But Henry the Eighth had suppressed the priory, and, putting the two parishes together, had named the church St. Saviour's. It is still a noble sanctuary, with long aisles and clustering chapels and ancient monuments, and serves to-day as the Cathedral of Southwark.

A canon of 1603 designated sixteen as the age of first communion. It is, therefore, to be inferred that John Harvard was confirmed about the year 1623. The vicar at that time was Dr. Sutton, who is remembered by two incidents. He hated the theatre and attacked it in his sermons. Southwark, at that time, was the theatrical centre of London. The Globe and the Rose were both within the parish of St. Saviour's. One of Dr. Sutton's sermons was answered with some indignation by an

actor. John Harvard's father was a church warden, and the boy probably heard both the sermon and the discussion which followed. Dr. Sutton was also an enemy of Roman Catholics. In October, 1623, after the vicar's death by drowning, a large congregation of Roman Catholics, meeting in an upper room in London, heard a sermon preached by Father Drury, a Jesuit, against Luther, Calvin, and Dr. Sutton. The sea, he said, had swallowed the vicar because he was unworthy to be buried in the earth. At that moment the floor gave way and the preacher and the congregation were precipitated into the cellar.

The bishop to whom Dr. Sutton probably presented John Harvard for confirmation was that most devout, learned, and large-minded prelate, Launcelot Andrewes, in whose charge was the diocese of Winchester.

Thus John Harvard spent his boyhood in a good home, in an interesting town, and under the profitable instruction of church

and school. The high street was of itself an education. It was a place of continual procession, merchants and dignitaries from foreign lands passing daily on the way to London. And along with this went the normal life of childhood. The picture which shows the heads on the pikes shows also a boy rolling a hoop, and another boy catching on behind a cart.

But in 1625 the plague came. The sanitary conditions were indescribable, and offered an imperative invitation to the pestilence. The street around the corner was named Foul Lane, and, no doubt, deserved that title. Within a space of five weeks five members of the Harvard household died: first Mary, then Robert, four days later; then little Katherine and little Peter; finally the father. There remained the mother and her two sons, John and Thomas.

It may have been this tragedy which turned young Harvard's thoughts towards the ministry. Or it may have been the in-

fluence of the Rev. Nicholas Morton, of St. Saviour's, whom we have seen already as a close friend of the family. It was probably the influence of Morton which sent him to Cambridge and to Emmanuel College, of which Morton was himself a graduate. It is interesting to remember in this connection that Morton's son, Charles, came afterwards to this country. He had done some tutoring in the midst of his ministry, and one of his pupils had been De Foe, the author of "*Robinson Crusoe*." Charles became vice-president of Harvard College, being, perhaps, the only person who ever occupied that unusual academic position. They would have appointed him president but for the fact that he had made himself obnoxious to James II, and such honor seemed politically unwise. He became minister of the First Church in Charlestown.

So John Harvard went to Cambridge, the Puritan University. The Reformation had divided Christianity in Europe into two distinct companies,—Catholic and Protes-

tant. The Catholics upheld the value of the institution, the Protestants the importance of the individual. In England the two companies dwelt together in one church. Two sects had, indeed, appeared at the extremes; on the one side, the Separatists; on the other side, the Romanists, had separated from the Church. But the men of the Old Learning and the New Learning, as they were called at that time, the High Church and the Low Church, as they are called to-day, were still united. The time was indeed approaching when Charles and Laud in their endeavor to enforce uniformity should disrupt the church. But to the end of John Harvard's life there was no definite division. The words Puritan and Non-conformist, like the word Ritualist, were party names. The time came when Puritans and Non-conformists were forced out, but so long as John Harvard lived they were simply Low-Church members of the Church of England. They subtracted from the rubrics, as the Ritual-

ists added to them, but they did not separate. The loyal and affectionate words of Higginson and Winthrop express their relation to their brethren. It came to pass, indeed, in New England, partly by reason of distance, partly by reason of the attractive sample of the Separatists of Plymouth, partly on account of the extremes into which they were driven by controversy, that they set up a church order of their own. But of this John Harvard saw nothing in his native land.

Cambridge had been an inhabited place from times immemorial. In the flat land by the little river the Britons had made a hill, heaping up the earth. Around this hill the Romans had built a fort. On the site of the Roman fort William the Conqueror had built a castle. And nearby, in 1284, Bishop Hugh de Balsham, of Ely, had founded the first college and named it Peterhouse. Then another college had been founded and another, until, in John Harvard's time, there were sixteen, with

masters, tutors, fellows, and students to the number of three thousand.

It was, no doubt, the expectation in New England in 1636 that beside Harvard College would be other colleges, with other founders, as beside Peterhouse grew Kings' and Trinity, and that these, together, would constitute a university. For in the minds of Englishmen of the seventeenth century, university did not mean a combination of faculties, but a combination of colleges. The university gave examinations, conferred degrees, and provided certain courses of lectures. The colleges provided places of residence, kept men under regulation, and prepared them, each in its own fashion, to be examined. Take the fraternity houses of a small college, set in each a number of resident graduates called fellows, appoint a dean for discipline, and provide tutors, leaving the college to set the examinations and to conduct the exercises of commencement, and the place is transformed into a university of the Eng-

lish type. Build the chapter houses after monastic models: a central quadrangle, on one side a dormitory, on another side a refectory, on the third a library, on the fourth a chapel, and a group of such residences will be the heart of a university town.

Such was the Cambridge to which John Harvard went at the age of twenty, and in Emmanuel College, then an establishment of sixty or seventy men, he took up his residence.

The little town lay beside the Cam as the Massachusetts Cambridge lies beside the Charles, except that the English colleges passed the banks of the river. The gardens ran green to the water. The main street in the midst of the town curved, like Brattle Street, with the curves of the stream, and took a new name at almost every turn. It was a narrow, ill-paved thoroughfare, and the upper stories of the houses projected over the way. There were plentiful materials for the plague, and once during

Harvard's residence the University had to be dismissed on account of it.

Midway in the course of the main street, in the heart of the town, was St. Mary's Church, where the University sermons were preached and public meetings were held. The church fronted on the market. Out of the market-place, away from the river, a short street led to Christ's College, founded by Lady Margaret, Henry VII's mother. Here, in the garden, is still an aged mulberry, which Milton planted in John Harvard's time. On one side of Christ's College stood Sidney Sussex, on the other side, Emmanuel.

Sidney Sussex and Emmanuel were the newest colleges, the only ones then in the University founded after the Reformation. But they were seated in places long occupied by monasteries: Sidney Sussex on the site of a monastery of Franciscan Friars; Emmanuel on the site of a monastery of Dominican friars.

The two colleges were alike, not only

in taking their places back from the river, where no room was left, but in being founded by Puritans for the advancement of Puritanism. It seemed to the founders that the supreme need of England was godliness, and that the means thereto was preaching. So on the mediæval foundations of preaching friars they established these training places for preachers.

Emmanuel College was a divinity school. Founded in the reign of Elizabeth, it continued until the reign of Charles II, a seminary for Puritan clergymen of the Church of England. It bore over its gate an inscription to testify that Sir Walter Mildmay had established it for the study of theology. This matter Sir Walter made unmistakable in his nineteenth statute: “I wish all to understand, whether fellows, scholars, or even pensioners who are admitted into the college, that the one object which I set before me in erecting this college was to render as many as possible fit for the administration of the divine

word and sacraments; and that from this seed ground the English church might have those that she can summon to instruct the people and undertake the office of pastors, which is a thing necessary above all others. Therefore, let fellows and scholars who obtrude into the college with any other design than to devote themselves to sacred theology and, eventually, to labor in preaching the Word know that they are frustrating my hope and occupying the place of fellow or scholar contrary to my ordinance."

Statutes may be put out of sight, as this one is in the present administration of the college, and ivy may grow over inscriptions, but in those days nobody could attend a service at Emmanuel without perceiving plainly the intention and the disposition of the place. The founder had turned the chapel of the friars into a dining hall, and had the chapel north and south instead of east and west, in evident disregard of ecclesiastical tradition. As for the serv-

ice, it was described in 1636 in a report made to Laud: “ Their chapel is not consecrate. At surplice prayers they sing nothing but rhyming psalms of their own appointment instead of the hymns between the lessons. And lessons they read not after the order appointed in the calendar, but after another continued course of their own. All service is there done (psalms and hymns and all if they read any) by the minister alone. The students are not brought up nor accustomed to answer any verse at all. Before prayers begin the boys come in and sit down and put on and talk around of what they will. Their seats are placed round about and above the communion table. When they preach or commonplace they omit all service after first or second lesson at the farthest.” This is a graphic picture of non-conformity. These brethren were but exercising the freedom which they felt belonged to them of right as clergymen of the Church of England.

Such was the little college in which John Harvard took up his studies in 1627. The course extended over four years, leading to the degree of bachelor of arts. For the master's degree men stayed three years longer. The subjects studied at Emmanuel did not differ greatly from those pursued in the other colleges, for all led to the same examinations, except that rather more attention was paid to theology and the interpretation of Holy Scripture. But already in John Harvard's day Cambridge showed the characteristic bent towards mathematics. In Emmanuel, contemporary with him, were Wallis, who carried the study of mathematics farther than any man in England till the time of Newton, and Horrocks, who was the first to both predict and observe a transit of Venus. So far as Harvard's books show the bent of his mind, he did not care particularly for the arts of calculation. Neither does he appear to have had any great enthusiasm for philosophy, which was another

favorite study among his fellows. Aristotle was still the master of the mind at Cambridge, though at Emmanuel was a group of devout Platonists. There is a little natural history among Harvard's books, and a little law, but most of the books are concerned with the Greek and Latin classics and the interpretation of the Bible.

The college day began at five o'clock, when the bells rang for prayers. There were two meals, at eleven and three, with lectures, studies, and disputationes between. There was the river for rowing, and the fields for archery and football. On Sunday morning all went for the university sermon to St. Mary's. At eight in the evening every man was expected to present himself in the room of his tutor, partly for the purpose of an evening prayer, and partly as evidence that he was within the college walls. At a quarter after nine the bell of St. Mary's rang, ending its peal as it does to this day with a tolling of the day of the month. At ten the college bell

warned all hearers that the college gates were locked.

The buildings were as severe within as they were stately without. There was plenty of carving and rich stained glass, but very little fire. In the bleak rooms three or four men were lodged together. If one of the company was a master of arts he slept in the great bed and the undergraduates must be content with trundle beds, which, in the daytime, were trundled under the big bed out of sight. Life was pretty rough, as it was in the contemporary world. Even at Emmanuel there was more fighting and drinking and disturbance at prayers than one would expect in a Puritan divinity school. Offenders were flogged in public, a discipline which is commended to the president in the early statutes of Harvard College.

At the same time there was high thinking. Contemporary with Harvard in the university were Fuller, the historian; Crashaw, the poet; Pearson, whose lectures on

the creed are still studied in conservative schools of theology; More, the Platonist, of whom it is said that, rejecting Calvin, he came into “a most joyous and lucid frame of minde”; Jeremy Taylor, the preacher, and, supreme among them all, John Milton. Milton entered Cambridge two years before Harvard. They were both members of the University when he wrote his *Ode on the Nativity*, his lines on Shakespeare, and his “*Il Penseroso*.” Both men came from London, and must have journeyed back and forth in the same conveyance. Hobson was then alive, whose impartial method of suiting his customers became a proverb. He was the first man in England to keep a livery stable. He had a monopoly of the carrying trade between the university and the metropolis. The two young men would naturally meet in the process of these journeys.

It is to be hoped that the Puritanism of Harvard was of the gentle quality which shines in the verse of Milton. Having a

mother who had known Shakespeare from childhood, he may well have shared in Milton's appreciation of that poet. Brought up as a boy at St. Saviour's, he may well have entered with the delight of Milton into the influences of that stately architecture. Certain it is that Whichcote, one of his fellow-students, master of King's in the troubled days which followed, saved that glorious chapel from harm at Puritan hands.

A memorial window on the chapel of Emmanuel College shows the figures of John Harvard and Lawrence Chaderton. Chaderton was the first master of the college, and though he was no longer in the discharge of his duties when Harvard was in residence, his influence was still very strong. He is remembered as a preacher of such eloquence that on one occasion after preaching for two hours and making ready to bring his sermon to a close, the congregation begged him to continue, which he did to the space of one hour longer. He

was one of the revisers who made the King James version of the Bible, being on the committee to which was assigned the books from First Chronicles to Ecclesiastes. After him in the rectorship came Preston, some of whose books John Harvard had in his library, and Sandcroft, a man of liberal spirit.

Under these masters the students who were contemporary with Harvard took some one side and some another in the contention between the High Church and the Low. Thus, of the two Pierreponts, one served the Parliament and the other served the King. There was Spurstowe, who was on the committee to treat with the King in his captivity, and who, having him thus at disadvantage, told him that unless he abolished episcopacy he would be damned everlasting; and there was Sancroft, who became Archbishop of Canterbury. And quite apart from these vigorous partisans were philosophers of gentle spirit, the Platonists, of whom Whichcote and Cud-

worth were Harvard's fellow-students at Emmanuel, studying Plato in an atmosphere of Aristotle, maintaining the freedom of the will in the midst of Calvinism, and upholding the value of learning in the face of a generation disposed to accept a pious intention as a fair substitute for scholarship.

Harvard completed his course with the degree of master of arts in 1635. Simonds D'Ewes, who was at that time in the college, noted in his diary that the commencement sermon upheld the principles of popish doctrine and gave great offence to evangelical minds. It would have been pleasant to have had some account of the speech of the Prevaricator, a privileged person who had the right on that solemn occasion to make whatever remarks he chose. In 1635 Harvard was ordained. In his mother's will—she died in that year—he is called "clerk." The same title, equivalent to "clergyman," occurs in a deed which he made about that time at the

sale of some property. Later he is so styled in the will of his father-in-law. If he was ordained in his own diocese of Winchester, the ordaining bishop would have been Walter Curle; but he was a follower of Laud. The young Low Churchman may have sought some more congenial dignitary. The records have not, as yet, appeared.

In 1636 he was married at South Malling Church to Ann Sadler, daughter of the rector of the parish of Ringmer in Kent, and sister of a college friend.

About this time he completed the collection of his library, the books which he left to the young college. These numbered over three hundred, mostly in two styles of bookmaking now rarely used, some of them being folios and some duodecimos, the big and the little side by side. The classics were represented by Homer, Plutarch, Pliny, Horace, and Cicero, with the satires of Juvenal and the comedies of Terence. Most of the books were theological, great

tomes of eager controversy written by men who wrote in a mighty passion, and read by men who clenched their fists in the progress of the pages, now dreary and dull beyond all modern patience. They have been, in many instances, replaced by duplicates in the library at Harvard College, but not with the idea of attracting readers.

Three of these books have a certain personal interest. One is "Vox Civitatis," being a description of the plague which devastated London in the days so tragic and memorable for the Harvard household. Another is "The Art and Science of Preserving Body and Soul in Health, Wisdom and the Catholic Religion," by Dr. John Jones. "Right profitable," says the author, "for all persons, but chiefly for Princes, Rulers, Nobles, Bishops, Preachers, Parents, and those of the Parliament House." It is possible that young Harvard consulted this book in the hope of finding some defence against those ills of body which already assailed him. The

third book is “A Little Description of the Great World,” written by Heylin. He did not find here any information useful to one who was looking toward these shores, for Heylin confines his account of this continent mostly to Mexico and Peru. His second edition was published in 1633, but even here he makes no mention of the settlement of Plymouth.

For some reason, the young parson’s mind was turned in this direction. Other Emmanuel men had already made their way to this country, and the memory and fame of them may have attracted him. There was William Blackstone, the first settler of Boston, a quiet person, detesting controversy, enough of a Low Churchman to dislike my lords the bishops, but enough of a High Churchman to dislike, also, my lords the brethren. There was John Cotton, once rector of St. Botolph’s, now minister of Boston in New England. There were Francis Hooker, of Hartford, and Thomas Shepherd, of Cambridge. These

were great names among the men with whom John Harvard was congenial, and their example may well have seemed to him a pleasant one to follow. In February, 1637, he sold some property in Southwark. In May, when the will of his brother Thomas was waiting for his signature, he was on the sea. On the 6th of August, 1637, he was admitted a freeman in Charlestown.

When John Harvard and his wife arrived at Charlestown they found the whole colony absorbed in the controversy which had arisen concerning the teachings of Mrs. Hutchinson. It is likely that Harvard's first sight of Cambridge was on the occasion of his attendance at the famous trial which resulted in Mrs. Hutchinson's excommunication. Thus he found that in removing to New England he had, indeed, changed the scenery and the architecture, and had substituted the brethren for the bishops, but that there was no real difference in the prevailing disposition in religion. In America, as in England,

there were two contending parties. Each was confident of its own right, and felt itself conscientiously bound to put dissenters out. The chief difference between Archbishop Laud and Dr. Wilson, pastor in the church in Boston, was that Laud had better manners. Winthrop expressed the situation when he said, after the synod in Cambridge, that the majority, "finding, upon consultation, that two so opposite parties could not continue in the same body without apparent hazard of ruin to the whole, agreed to send away some of the principals." It was the policy of "Thorough" which Charles and Strafford were pushing in England. In John Harvard's day tolerance had not yet come into the order of the virtues.

Like other Puritan congregations, the Charlestown church was ministered to by a pastor and a teacher. Lacking a teacher at that moment, they asked Harvard to discharge that duty, and he accepted the position. Johnson, who wrote the "Wonder-

Working Providence," and probably heard some of Harvard's preachings, says that he "preached with tears and evidence of strong affection." This is our only sight of Harvard himself. On the fourteenth of September, 1638, he died, at the age of twenty-nine, leaving the will which has made his name immortal. The essential importance of his gift appears in the fact that, though the General Court appropriated four hundred pounds for the college, it had not paid it. Indeed, so poor was the General Court itself that it presently borrowed two hundred pounds from the Harvard legacy.

In January, 1696, Judge Sewall wrote in his diary: "I lodged at Charlestown at Mrs. Shepherd's, who tells me that Mr. Harvard built that house. I lay in the chamber next the street. As I lay awake past midnight, in my meditation I was affected to consider how long ago God had made provision for my comfortable lodging that night, seeing that was Mr. Har-

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vard's house." The students of the University to-day may echo that reflection, and may profitably be affected to consider how long ago God made provision for their education; seeing that is Mr. Harvard's college.

**THE FOREFATHERS OF
JAMESTOWN**

V

THE FOREFATHERS OF JAMESTOWN

THE emphasis of interest in the study of American history has rested upon Plymouth rather than upon Jamestown.

This is due, in part, to the fact that Jamestown has not been a populated place for over two hundred years. The town was burned at the end of the seventeenth century, and was never rebuilt. Indeed, the very land on which the pioneers put their feet has long since fallen into the James River. The river and the land were contending when the settlement began, and the river was, even then, getting the best of it. The year of 1607 found a peninsula, but the peninsula became an island, and the island, year by year, lost ground. To-day, for the first time, the river is kept back by an effective barrier. Meanwhile Plym-

outh has lived its uninterrupted life, an accessible place, attractive to visitors, preserving its traditions and its intimate memorials of the saints and heroes of the old time.

Moreover, Plymouth has been a fertile soil for the substantial rooting of family trees. All over the country there are persons whose ancestral past is associated with that place, and who hold it in reverence on that account. But few of the first families of Virginia go further back than 1649. At that time, when the beheading of King Charles made England an unpleasant residence for many excellent people, there was a considerable increase of emigration into that Southern colony, whose sympathies were with the church and state which the Commonwealth had for the moment superseded. These newcomers found that the men who began and continued the settlement at Jamestown had for the most part died under the hardships of their difficult life. The pioneers left few lineal suc-

cessors. The colony at the beginning lacked the domestic element which was the joy and the salvation of the settlement at Plymouth. There were no children to perpetuate their names. Moreover, the newcomers, instead of settling at Jamestown, planted their farms all along the river as far as the falls at Richmond.

But the chief and prevailing disadvantage of Jamestown in its competition with Plymouth for the gratitude of good Americans lay in the fact that it was so far away from Boston. It was unhappily beyond the power of any Jamestown man to repeat the daily devotions of Mr. Emerson, who said that every morning, when he opened the shutters of his bed-chamber and looked out, he thanked God that he lived in so fair a world,—and so near Boston.

This distance is suggested but dimly on the map. The two colonies, Massachusetts and Virginia, hundreds of miles apart geographically, were separated by a space of thousands of miles socially and ecclesi-

astically. These differences were not inherent in the nature or even in the disposition of the original colonists. They grew gradually, as we shall see, out of the soil. In the beginning the men who settled in the south and the men who settled in the north were of the same sort, belonged to the same social class, and held, in the main, the same position in religion.

As history comes to be studied in the light of human nature, some of its contrasts lose their sharpness. It is perceived that nations are composed of men and women, and that men and women, with all their differences, are a good deal alike. It is not true of any of the hostile divisions of humanity that one side is made up of angels and the other side of animals. There are always good and bad, and wise and unwise, on both sides. The official statements of the differences are commonly more exact and emphatic than the differences themselves. When a witty writer begins a book with the phrase,

“ The human race, to which so many of my readers belong,” he is gently satirising an ancient blindness of historians. The discovery that all of our forefathers belonged to the human race, and thus had the same parts and passions, and were brother: and sisters in the same family, is causing history to be written with a new understanding of old situations. This is notably the case as regards the contrasts which have long been the commonplaces of historians between the men who settled Plymouth and the men who settled Jamestown. It is now seen that the old adjectives, “ Puritan,” and “ Cavalier,” do not adequately explain the difference between Virginia and Massachusetts. The truth is that the Jamestown men and the Plymouth men were very much alike, both socially and ecclesiastically.

As for their social standing, the settlers of both colonies were, for the most part, of the middle class, that is, as distinguished on the one side from the gentry, and on

the other side from the peasantry. It is true that the father of Edward Wingfield, of Virginia, had had for sponsors Queen Mary and Cardinal Pole, but John Winthrop, of Massachusetts, was Edward Wingfield's cousin. It is true that the early sailing lists to Virginia show the names of an inordinate number of "gentlemen," and that the early sailing lists to Massachusetts show the names of an inordinate number of preachers of the gospel; and there is no doubt but that these two facts represent diverse and potent influences. But later lists corrected this disproportion. It is true, also, that when the *Discovery*, the *Godspeed*, and the *Susan Constant* made their first voyage, England was a pleasant and desirable residence for churchmen, and that, in 1630, when seventeen ships brought the people of a new exodus to these northern shores, England was not a pleasant or desirable residence for Puritans. And that signifies some difference in the quality of the colonists. There would nat-

urally be a larger number of solid and successful men in the settlement of Massachusetts than in the settlement of Virginia. But the change in the political fortunes of the two parties speedily changed that. In the time of Cromwell, England was as inhospitable to churchmen, as she had been to Puritans in the times of James and of Charles, and the church colony improved accordingly.

The society of Virginia and the society of Massachusetts developed differently, but the differences were mainly due not to an original unlikeness in the men, but to an original unlikeness in the land. The land in Massachusetts was adapted to the growth of small towns; the land in Virginia was adapted to the growth of great estates. The northern settlers gathered into little communities by the harbors of the sea and by the falls of the rivers under conditions which fostered democracy. But in the south it was soon found that the best crop was tobacco. When Governor Argall ar-

rived in Jamestown in 1616, he found tobacco growing in the street; it had invaded the towns. Tobacco plants and towns did not thrive together. Even in 1624 there were only two communities in Virginia which consisted of clustered houses as in a New England village. The cultivation of tobacco demanded wide tracts of land, and a great amount of unskilled labor. In the midst of his estates, surrounded by employés of a lower social class, and separated from his neighbors by several miles of bad road, the Virginian settler lived in his great house. These were conditions which fostered aristocracy. But it was an American aristocracy, with very slight connections with England. It met in parish meetings, as the Massachusetts people met in town meetings. And it produced George Washington. With its good and its ill, it was the result, not of a different kind of settler, but of a different kind of soil.

Also, in religion, the men of Jamestown and the men of Massachusetts Bay, even of

Plymouth, were of the same stock. There were obvious differences which, because they are obvious, have been overestimated, but they were mainly superficial. The men of Jamestown were churchmen, that is, they were of the Church of England, or, as we say in this country, Episcopalians. And that seems to make them very different from the Independents of Plymouth and the Presbyterians of Boston. But the idea is what is called in logic the fallacy of the undistributed middle. For example, we used to be taught in school that the American Revolution was fought between the Americans on one side and the British on the other, and an easy inference was that we, as good Americans, ought to hate the British. But the truth is that the War of the Revolution was fought between the Whigs and the Tories: and there were Tories in America as well as in England, and Whigs in England as well as in America. It happened that in England at that moment the Tories were in power, so they

represented England officially, but they did not represent Edmund Burke or William Pitt, or any of their party. Thus, instead of England making war upon America, we have an English political party, temporarily in power, carrying on that war against the protests of another English party, temporarily out of power.

The same confusion has attended the use of the phrase “Church of England.” For in the Church of England, as in the nation, there have been, since the Reformation, and are to this day, two parties as distinct and different as Whigs and Tories. The original name, and still the best name for them, was the Old Learning and the New Learning: that is, on one side were men whose sympathies were with the mediæval church, and on the other side were men whose sympathies were with the reformed church. Sometimes one of these parties was in popular power, and sometimes the other. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, the New Learning was dominant,

under Archbishop Cranmer; in the reign of Charles the First, the Old Learning was dominant, under Archbishop Laud. In the time of Elizabeth, after the mediæval reaction under Mary, nearly two hundred clergymen of the Old Learning were turned out by the party of the New Learning, among them being fourteen bishops and twelve presidents of colleges. In the time of Charles the Second, after the reform reaction under Cromwell, eighteen hundred clergymen of the New Learning were turned out by the party of the Old Learning. But these were consequences of national revolution: commonly the two parties live in peace together. Together they compose the church, as Republicans and Democrats compose the state. Their joint existence occasions that diversity of ritual and of opinion which is one of the most notable characteristics of the Episcopal Church.

Now, at the beginning of the seventeenth century the men of the New Learning, the

men whom we now call Low Churchmen and Broad Churchmen, were in part conservative and in part radical. The difference between them has been happily compared to the differences, before our Civil War, between the Republicans and the Abolitionists. In 1607 the radical Low Churchmen had gone out of the church, and in the fall of that year a company of them went out of the country, and established themselves in Holland. These were our forefathers, who came afterwards to Plymouth. In 1630 a thousand conservative Low Churchmen came to these shores, landing at Salem and settling presently in Boston. These were they who said as they departed: “Farewell, dear England! Farewell, the Church of God in England, and all the Christian friends there! We do not go to New England as Separatists from the Church of England, though we cannot but separate from the corruptions of it.” These were they in whose behalf John Winthrop wrote, “We desire you

would be pleased to take notice of the principals and body of our company as those who esteem it our honour to call the Church of England from which we rise our dear mother, and we cannot part from our native country where she specially resideth, without much sadness of heart, and tears in our eyes, ever acknowledging that such hope and part as we have obtained in the common salvation, we have received it in her bosom, and suckt it from her breasts." It was such men as these who had come in 1607 and settled at Jamestown.

That these companies of colonists at Salem and at Jamestown developed differently in religion was due, in part, to the difference of a score of years in the time of their landing, for in that period the political and ecclesiastical contentions in England had sharpened the differences between the church parties to a degree unknown at the settlement of Jamestown. It was also due, in part, to the influence of our ancestors at Plymouth. Under this influence,

the conservatives became radicals, and separated themselves from the church. But, at the beginning, the founders of Massachusetts and the founders of Virginia were all of the same religion; all Calvinists in doctrine, all Puritans, and all—except at Plymouth—members of the Church of England.

How far the northern and southern colonies, thus alike, became different in the course of time is plain in the accusation of atheism which the Puritans of Boston made against Morton of Merrymount. Mr. John Fiske says that the chief ground on which they held Morton to be an atheist was that he was accustomed to use the Book of Common Prayer! And this hostility is further indicated in that pleasant story about Governor Winthrop's books and rats. Winthrop had a lot of books stored in a loft, together with some corn. One of the books was the New Testament and the Prayer-book bound together. The rats got in and ate the corn and destroyed a part

of that book. They completely demolished the Common Prayer, leaving the New Testament scrupulously untouched. That seemed to Winthrop an exercise of the divine discrimination. That was in every way a proper disposition of the Book of Common Prayer.

And here comes in the curious condition which worked the discomfiture of the fame of Jamestown.

For a long time all of the "articulate classes" lived in the near neighborhood of Boston. The writers of books, the orators, the preachers, the poets, the historians, and presently the makers of profitable reading for schools, were all residents within an easy radius of Beacon Hill. To these audible and influential persons the adventures and achievements of their own ancestors had a natural and dominant interest. Plymouth was close at hand. As for Jamestown, not only was it so remote that they rarely thought about it, but when they did think about it they disliked it. In

all honesty, they disregarded or disparaged it. And this prejudice they communicated to the children in the schools. Even to this day it is commonly taken for granted among intelligent people, that our characteristic institutions, and especially our liberties, civil and religious, began at Plymouth. As a matter of historical fact, they began a dozen years before, at Jamestown.

The story of Jamestown is in three chapters: the Landing; the Tragedy; the Settlement.

All attempts at American colonization by individual adventurers having failed, a new start was made in 1606 by introducing into the enterprise the joint-stock method. In that year James I chartered the Virginia Company. The land thus granted extended along the Atlantic Coast from Cape Fear to the Bay of Fundy. It was divided into three parts, of which the southern, from Cape Fear to the Potomac, was assigned to a group of proprietors who from their residence in London were called the

London Company. The northern portion, from Long Island Sound to the Bay of Fundy, was assigned to another group of proprietors, who, from their residence in and about Plymouth in Devonshire, were called the Plymouth Company. The middle section was to be awarded to such colonists of either company as should first establish self-supporting settlements in it. Each of these tracts extended back to the Pacific Ocean, which was thought to be one or two hundred miles distant across the country.

On New Year's Day, 1607, the London Company sent three ships to sea,—the *Discovery*, the *Godspeed*, and the *Susan Constant*. The names fitted well the aspirations of the men who in the spirit of adventure and of religion were seeking to set up a new home in a foreign land.

The commander of the fleet was Captain Christopher Newport, who had once retrieved the fortunes of Sir Walter Raleigh by capturing a Spanish treasure-ship whose cargo was worth four million dol-

lars. The council of the colony was composed of Bartholomew Gesnold, Edward Wingfield, John Smith, John Ratcliffe, John Martin, and George Randall. The chaplain was Robert Hunt, “an honest, religious and courageous Divine” of the English Church.

Of these men, the most eminent and dramatic was John Smith. Bearing as he did the most commonplace of names, he had nevertheless lived a life crowded so full of romantic adventure that some very sober historians have accounted it too interesting to be true. Smith of late years has fallen under a serious suspicion, which has arisen in part from the new methods of historians.

How pleasantly does Plutarch begin his life of Theseus. He confesses that there are fables in the accounts of antiquity, but he regrets that in some of them the fabulous element is so obvious, since otherwise he “might have graced them with some appearance of historical narration.” And as for the statements which he proposes to

present to the reader with this grace of historicity, “ if by chance in some places they range a little too boldly out of the bounds or limits of true appearance and have no manner of conforming with any credibility of matter, the readers in courtesy must needs have me excused, accepting in good part that which may be written and reported of things so extremely old and ancient.” That is, Plutarch frankly tries to please.

Not so, the remote successor of Plutarch engaged in writing and reporting things old and ancient. Even old and ancient, and presumably venerable men—not to mention things—are here put upon a cross-examination. The only presupposition which some writers seem to permit themselves is the general proposition that all the persons whom we used to think were good were really bad, and those we used to revere as saints were really sinners like ourselves. The classic instance is Mr. Froude’s rehabilitation of King Henry into

the character of a faithful and tender husband. And it has been predicted that we shall presently discover that Nero, instead of fiddling while Rome burned, really played a violin at a concert given for the benefit of the sufferers. Another canon of contemporary historical criticism declares that any statement which is made by one person only is to be regarded as probably untrue. All respectable facts will be accompanied by other facts to identify them.

Unhappily for Smith, most of his adventures took place in remote regions, without the observation of reporters, and all that we know about them is what he tells himself. It is a remarkable story. Smith's parents died in his early childhood, and left him to the care of guardians who were much more interested in his property than in his education. Thus in the course of time he easily got their permission to seek his fortune, and went to the wars which were perennially in progress on the continent of Europe. Tiring of this activity

after a few years he came home and, seeking a secluded spot amidst the woods, devoted himself to the diligent reading of Marcus Aurelius and Machiavelli, two writers who bore little more in common than the coincidence that their names begin with the same letter. But this, too, failed to satisfy Smith's restless spirit, and again he sought the enthusiastic land of France. There he fell in with thieves who, having plundered him of all his possessions, left him for dead. He was found, however, by a friendly farmer, in whose house he was nursed back to life. After that he went to sea; and the winds blew and the masts broke, and down went the ship into the great deep; but Smith was a good swimmer, and made his way to shore. But the shore, on exploration, proved to be attached to a desert island, and it appeared that, having escaped the perils of the water, the great adventurer was fated to perish by starvation. His luck, however, continued constant; there came along a compas-

sionate ship and picked him up, and off he went on the way to Egypt. Returning in the same ship, they fell in with a richly freighted argosy from Venice, of whose treasures they promptly possessed themselves, and in the distribution of the spoil a good share came to Smith. He wandered for some months, seeing the sights of Italy, but his spirit was unsatisfied and he offered his sword as a volunteer against the Turks. It was in this campaign that there took place the crowning exploit of his life.

They were besieging the town of Regal, and the days grew dull. Neither the besiegers nor the besieged were in the mood for fighting. At last the Turks suggested a tournament. It would please the ladies, they said, if the lists might be set in sight of the walls and there might be some brisk engagements of champions. This was more than acceptable to the Christians. And so it was. The Turks chose a champion, and the Christians, on their side, casting lots, the lot fell on Smith. And out came the

Turk and Smith, in view of both the expectant armies, each with his lance. And Smith was so fortunate as to drive his lance through the body of his adversary, and thus to win the day. On the morrow, the Turks challenged Smith by name to try the fortunes of the fight again. This time they fought with swords, and Smith was again able to give his opponent a mortal wound. But this occurred a third time; on the third day a new Turk with a battle axe fell upon Smith, but Smith's axe hewed a better line, and the third Turk followed the other two.

This tale, which makes a stiffer demand upon the reader's credulity than any of the others, is happily attested by three quite independent evidences. One is an Italian book entitled "*The Wars of Transylvania*," from which the Rev. Samuel Purchas, in 1625, quoted a long account of this adventure on the authority of one of the secretaries of Prince Sigismund. Another is an entry at the Heralds' College in London,

recording the grant of a coat-of-arms “ to John Smith, captain of 250 soldiers, in memory of three Turks’ heads, which with his sword before the town of Regal he did overcome, kill and cut off, in the province of Transylvania.” A third is the fact that when Smith explored the New England coast in 1614 he named three little islands in the neighborhood of Cape Anne the Turks’ Heads.

Then Smith’s luck turned and the winds of fortune blew from the opposite quarter. At the battle of Rothenthurm he was taken prisoner and was carried to Constantinople as a slave. But there he attracted the kind attention and sympathy, and perhaps the affection, of the lady Tragabizanda, in whose house he served. She sent him to her brother, the pasha of Nalbrits, beyond the Sea of Azof; but her good offices in his behalf were disregarded. Smith was dressed in the skin of a wild beast, had an iron collar about his neck, and was both overworked and beaten. One day, how-

ever, getting the pasha conveniently alone, he knocked him down, pounded the life out of him, dressed himself in the dead man's clothes, took the dead man's horse, and away he went into the deserts. Finally he found some friendly Russians, and made his way back to Prince Sigismund at Leipsic, and thence by easy stages to England, where he arrived just in time to join the expedition which was being fitted out for Jamestown.

This is indeed a story of considerable dimensions. Our acceptance or rejection of it should be determined, the cautious historians tell us, by our estimation of the character of Smith. Happily, there are sufficient materials for making such an estimate. John Smith was as ready with his pen as with his sword. His published works occupy several fat volumes. They do not at all support the charge of boastfulness. He tells his adventures with the straightforwardness of a sturdy soldier. We have also the testimony of contempo-

raries, some of them his friends, others,—by reason of contentions over the affairs of the colony,—his enemies. He is accused of impatience and a hasty temper and a disposition to take control of the situation, but not of any narrow self-conceit. As for his friends, one of them, after Smith went back from Jamestown to England, wrote this concerning him:

“ Thus we lost him that in all our proceedings made justice his chief guide . . . ever hating baseness, sloth, pride, and indignity more than any dangers; that never allowed more for himself than his soldiers with him; that upon no danger would send them where he would not lead them himself; that would never see us want what he either had or could by any means get us; that would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay; that loved action more than words, and hated falsehood and covetousness worse than death; whose adventures were our lives and whose loss our deaths.”

The little company, thus provided with a council, a chaplain, and a hero, consisted of 105 persons; almost exactly the number of those who came in 1620, in the *Mayflower*. The expedition was a commercial enterprise. It was not undertaken, like the settlement at Plymouth, under the stress of ecclesiastical conditions, nor primarily for the advancement of religion. But it was sent forth in a religious spirit. “The way to prosper and achieve good success,” said the paper of instructions, “is to make yourselves all of one mind for the good of the country and your own, and to serve and fear God, the giver of all goodness, for every plantation which our Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up.”

After a long and stormy passage, the three ships entered Chesapeake Bay in the last week in April, and made their way into Hampton Roads. The name Point Comfort testifies to their relief and joy. Sailing up the wide river which they named

for King James, their patron, they disembarked on the 13th of May at a little peninsula. They called the place Jamestown, thus connecting the King's name with English Christianity in America, as it was soon to be connected with the English Bible. The land was low, and, as the colonists discovered later to their cost, was marshy and malarious. But it was far enough up the river to be out of the easy reach of Spaniards, and the narrow neck of land which connected it with the shore seemed well adapted for defence against the Indians. And in the spring, and after the discomforts of the sea, the place seemed a Garden of Eden. The birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the trees invited the wayfarers to the safety and rest of their cool shadows, and the hearts of the colonists beat high. One of them, George Percy, gives an account of the landing:

“ After much and weary search (with their barge coasting still before, as Virgil writeth *Æneas* did, arriving in the region

of Italy called Latium upon the banks of the river Tiber) in the country of a Wero-wance called Wo-Win-Chapunka (a ditionary to Powhatan) within this fair river of Paspicheigh, which we have called the King's River, they selected an extended plain and spot of earth, which thrust out into the depth and midst of the channel, making a kind of Chersonesus or peninsula. The trumpets sounding, the admiral struck sail, and before the same the rest of the fleet came to anchor, and here to lose no further time the colony disembarked, and every man brought his particular store and furniture, together with the general provision, ashore; for the safety of which, as likewise for their own security, ease and better accommodating, a certain canton and quantity of that little half-island was measured, which they began to fortify, and thereon in the name of God to raise a fortress, with the ablest and speediest means they could."

The landing took place on Wednesday.

On Thursday they set about the erection of a fort, a three-cornered structure with a cannon at each angle. They prepared for Sunday by hanging up an old sail, fastening it to three or four trees, to shelter them from sun and rain; seats they made of logs; a bar of wood between the trees served for a pulpit. This was the Sunday after Ascension Day. The words of the Epistle, "The end of all things is at hand," might have sounded for the moment as a prophecy of disaster; but they prayed, "We beseech Thee, Lord, leave us not comfortless," and the ascription, "That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion forever and ever," expressed the desires of their souls.

"This," says Smith, in words which enable us to see that sight with the eyes of one who was himself a part of it, "this was our church, till we built a homely thing like a barne, set upon cratchets, covered with rafts, sedge and earth, so was also the

walls: the best of our houses [were] of the like curiosity: but for the most part farre much worse workmanship that could neither well defend [from] wind nor raine.” First the fort, for the preservation of their lives; then the Church for the salvation of their souls; this was the order of their building. “ We had daily Common Prayer morning and evening,” says Smith, “ every Sunday two sermons, and every three months the Holy Communion, till our minister died; but our prayers daily, with a homily on Sundaies, we continued two or three years after, till more preachers came.” There in the wilderness, with the river before, and the unbroken forest behind, every day began and ended with the Prayer-book prayers.

The settlers had immediate need of all the means of grace. Hardly had their landing been effected when the scene changed to tragedy. This was the result of three influences. It came in part from the savages, in part from the swamps, and

in part from the inexperience and incompetence of the settlers.

The savages belonged to the same Algonquin race as those who met our fathers in New England, but the New England Indians had been depleted by pestilence and disheartened by defeat, and were in little mood to fight. The Virginia Algonquins were in good savage form. Within a space of two weeks from the landing, they came upon the settlement, two hundred strong, and made a fierce attack. One they killed, several they wounded with their arrows; and thereafter, for a long time, they lurked behind the trees watching for unwary white men. They were a terror and a menace at Plymouth, but at Jamestown they were persistent, active, and aggressive enemies.

Out of the early stages of this peril the colonists were saved by the coolness and courage of John Smith. He was small of stature, but afraid of nothing; and he had a way of scaring savages by looking at them which was as good as a battery of

guns. He saved the colony. Without him, the settlement at Jamestown would have perished miserably, like its predecessors. His famous encounter with Powhatan, and his rescue by Pocahontas, fit excellently with the lists at Regal and the tender interest of Tragabizanda. Happily, this adventure is attested by the fact that the account of it was printed in London at a time when there were residing in that city not only several persons who bore the captain no good will, but the heroine herself. If it had been untrue, or even exaggerated, contradiction would have been easy. This exploit brought about a truce between the red men and the whites, but the fighting began again; until in 1622, the Indians arose one dark night and effected a general massacre, killing one out of ten all along the thin line of settlements from Jamestown to Richmond. So effective, however, was the revenge of the colony that from that time the Indians ceased to be a dreaded foe.

Meanwhile, tragedy came from the malarious swamps. The first hot summer at Jamestown, like the first cold winter at Plymouth, killed half of the company. George Percy, who described the landing in such good spirits, gives this account of the fever time which followed:

“ There were never Englishmen left in a foreign country in such misery as we were in this new discovered Virginia. We watched every three nights, lying on the bare cold ground, what weather soever came; and waded all the next day; which brought our men to be most feeble wretches. Our food was but a small can of barley sodden in water, to five men a day. Our drink, cold water taken out of the river; which was at a flood very salt; at a low tide full of slime and filth; which was the destruction of many of our men. Thus we lived for the space of five months (Aug. 1607—Jan. '08) in this miserable distress, not having five able men to man our bulwarks upon any occasion. If it had

not pleased God to put a terror in the savages' hearts, we had all perished by those wild and cruel Pagans, being in that weak estate as we were; our men night and day groaning in every corner of the fort most pitiful to hear. If there were any conscience in men, it should make their hearts to bleed to hear the pitiful murmurings and outcries of our sick men without relief, every night and day for the space of six weeks; some departing out of the world; many times three or four in a night; in the morning their bodies being trailed out of their cabins like dogs to be buried."

All this distress was aggravated by the ignorance of the settlers themselves. The English nation was in the painful process of learning the difficult art of colonization; a lesson whose pages are written by the hard hand of experience. They did not know what sort of place it was to which the colony was bound. There was a common notion that it was a place of great wealth.

A popular play, acted in 1605, had charmed the ears and dazzled the eyes of the adventurous with descriptions of its golden shores.

“ I tell thee, gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us. . . Why, man, all their dripping pans are pure gold; and all the chains with which they chain up their streets are massy gold; all the prisoners they take are fettered in gold; and for rubies and diamonds they go forth on holidays and gather 'em by the seashore to hang on their children's coats, and stick in their children's caps, as commonly as our children wear saffron-gilt brooches and groats with holes in 'em.”

This had attracted into the expedition to Jamestown a number of unstable and adventurous spirits. There was a lack of practical persons, who know what to do with their hands. The “gentlemen” outnumbered the farmers and the carpenters. The first settlers were mostly city men, from London; who had no idea of even the

elementary principles of getting a living in the woods. They could neither hunt nor fish. The result was that they starved. Supplies of colonists came again and again, but they added new mouths rather than new hands. Industrial conditions in England contributed another element to the colonial situation in Virginia. The land had not yet recovered from the social changes consequent upon the dissolution of the monasteries. When agriculture began to give place to sheep-raising, this turned great numbers of small farms into wide ranges of pasture land, and left farm laborers without employment. Moreover, the unprecedented increase in the amount of available gold from the mines of Peru had caused a calamitous rise in prices, thus magnifying the cost of living. The idle people, victims of these various changes, offered a tremendous economic problem for which the colonies seemed to offer some solution. For the good of England, numbers of these people were transported to

these shores. The good of America was not especially considered.

When Smith, injured by an explosion of powder, left for England in October, 1609, there were five hundred persons in the community. In May, 1610, when Gates arrived, only sixty of them still lived. Some had been killed by the Indians, some had died of the cold in the fierce winter; some had starved to death. The cabins, as their occupants perished, were burned for fuel; nobody daring to venture into the woods for fear of the savages. Jamestown had become a cemetery rather than a settlement. When Gates came with new colonists—themselves the survivors of a shipwreck—and the forlorn men met in the church to consider the situation, it was determined to abandon the place. And they did abandon it. They were in their boats on the river, making their way to the sea, when suddenly the ships of Lord Delaware appeared, with new men, new provisions, and new courage, and they turned back.

From that time, the fortunes of the colony were never in doubt. Even the general massacre did not discourage the colonists. They had planted the roots of their settlement deep in the soil. They had definitely established the first permanent residence of Englishmen upon these shores. But at what a cost! Between 1607 and 1625, five thousand persons landed at Jamestown. In 1625 only a thousand of these remained alive. Such were the tragic conditions under which English civilization was founded on this continent.

There was civilization here before that; the French were in Canada and the Spaniards were in Florida, but this was Latin civilization. It differed from English in its theory as to the right residence of power. According to the Latin idea, power should be centralized; it resides properly in the hand of one man. According to the English idea, power should be distributed; it resides properly in the hands of many men. These theories lead in very differ-

ent directions; the Latin theory toward a monarchy in politics and a papacy in religion; the English theory towards democracy and Protestantism. Upon the success or failure of the particular experiment depended the whole constitution of American life. The men who died beside the James River in the maintenance of that colony, died that English civilization, with all that thereunto pertains, might live. They were the pioneers, the heroes, the martyrs, of all our liberties.

When Lord Delaware came, and the colony was raised from death to life, it was in the church that the men said their thanksgivings and their prayers. And the new life thus begun was lived in the sight of the church tower and in the sound of the church bell. Lord Delaware adorned the church with chancel furniture of walnut and pews of cedar. Every morning at ten and every afternoon at four the settlers were called to service. The place was sweet with flowers, and gay with the red

cloaks of Delaware's fifty halberdiers. There Pocahontas was married, with many Indians attending. There they had two sermons every Sunday, and, in pleasant anticipation of a good Boston custom, a lecture every Thursday. There the Rev. Richard Buck, who had been wrecked with Gates on the Bermudas, in the midst of adventures of which Shakespeare made use in "*The Tempest*," was the pastor of the parish. For that is what the colony was, an English parish, established on these shores, gathered about the parish church.

In this parish church were enacted two significant scenes which represent still further the likeness between the men of Jamestown and the men of Plymouth. The two colonies not only shared in the same experience of tragedy, and not only showed the same regard for religion, but they were animated by the same enthusiasm for civil liberty. In the Jamestown church was held the first American representative as-

sembly; and within the same walls occurred the first American revolution.

In 1619, the year before the landing of the Pilgrims, the first American representative assembly was convened at Jamestown. There had been some mismanagement in the colony, and laying down of laws obnoxious to the people, and the settlers asked that they might rule themselves. The request came to Sir Edwin Sandys, the leading spirit of the Virginia company, who was at that moment assisting our fathers at Leyden to arrange their emigration to Plymouth. He was of the party of the Parliament as opposed to the party of the King, and the request was congenial with all his principles. Thus the company granted it, and the governor appointed by the company summoned the assembly. Each settlement in the colony sent representatives to meet the governor and the appointed council. The governor and council sat in the chancel, the burgesses sat in the body of the church. The Rev. Rich-

ard Buck opened the first session with a prayer that it would please God to guide and sanctify all the proceedings to His own glory and the good of the plantation. There in the name of God and in the church of God, our free government had its beginning. The first American Congress continued to hold its meetings in the Jamestown church for twenty years.

The laws which were enacted by the House of Burgesses touched the same notes which were soon to be sounded in New England. They regulated the conduct of the people: they provided penalties for drunkenness, for excess in apparel, for slander, for profane swearing. They enacted "for the better observation of the Sabbath" that no person "shall take a voyage upon the same, except it be to church or for other cases of extreme necessity." They required that every master of a family when he came to church should bring with him a serviceable gun, and they passed without a dissenting voice this declaration: "That

the governor shall not lay any taxes or impositions upon the colony, otherwise than by the authority of the general assembly, to be levied and employed as the said assembly shall appoint.”

In 1635, the year before the founding of Harvard College, this assembly rose up against the governor, and sent him back a prisoner to England, to his royal master. Governor Harvey had made himself variously objectionable. He had been found arrogant and avaricious, not to say dishonest. He had proclaimed laws on his own authority. He had sided with Maryland in a dispute between the colonies. He had finally removed the secretary of state, whom everybody liked, and had appointed another of whom everybody disapproved. The people held a massmeeting, to voice their indignation, and the next day the governor had the speakers arrested. He demanded that the council should send them to the gallows. But the patience of the burgesses was now exhausted. They vio-

lently laid hands on the governor, and thrust him out of his government, and sent him back to answer to King Charles. It was the first American revolution, the first dramatic negative pronounced by Englishmen in America against the oppression of a representative of the crown. It was the splendid spirit of the Puritans of Massachusetts in the souls of the churchmen of Virginia.

The brick church, whose tower remains, was built in 1639. As the century approached its end, this church was the scene of the establishing of the second college in this country, the College of William and Mary. The massacre of 1622 had postponed until this time the founding of this school of higher learning.

“ It is a just and wholesome pride,” says Mr. Fiske, “ that New England people feel in recalling the circumstances under which Harvard College was founded, in a little colony but six years of age, still struggling against the perils of the wilderness and the

enmity of its sovereign. But it should not be forgotten that aims equally lofty and foresight equally intelligent were shown by the men who from 1614 to 1624 controlled the affairs of Virginia.” At the moment of the general massacre, while Cambridge on the Charles was still a part of the unbroken wilderness, these men were ready to begin a college.

They proposed to establish a university for English and Indian youths. The London Company endowed it with ten thousand acres of land; the Archbishops contributed fifteen hundred pounds; the Bishop of London added another thousand. An anonymous contributor, who signed himself “Dust and Ashes,” promised a thousand more. Another benefactor was Nicholas Ferrar, of Little Gidding, the friend of George Herbert and Izaak Walton. One donor gave his library, another provided Bibles and Prayer-books, another presented the Communion plate. Mr. George Thorp came over to be the rector

of the college. He had hardly arrived when the savages fell upon the settlements and he was killed. Then for a good while the energies of the colony were all needed for preservation and recuperation.

The new college was planted not at Jamestown, but at Williamsburg. Presently, when the old town was burned, the people moved away from the malarious swamps and built their houses in the new place. Jamestown fell into ruins. Only the tower of the church remained to mark the spot where our American institutions began. No symbol could be more significant. It means that the foundation of the Republic was laid, in the midst of martyrdom, upon the solid basis of religion.

THE END

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